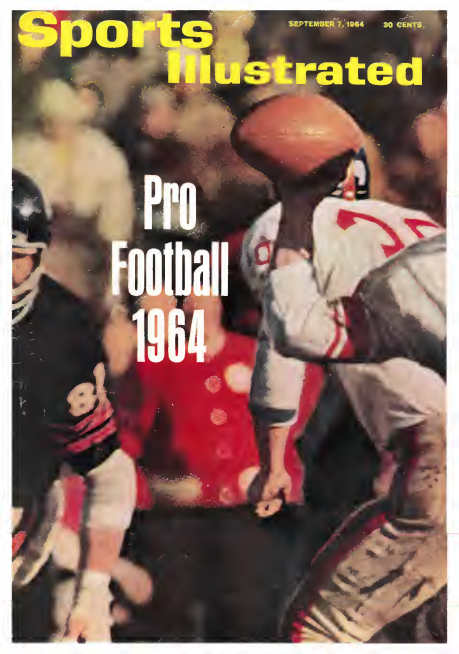


Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 7, 1964

30 CENTS

Pro Football 1964

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SEVEN EIGHTY-FOUR, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue a year and second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage through U.S. and Canadian subscriptions \$7.50 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Europe, E-1-E3; Japan, J-1-J3; Mexico, M-1-M3; South America, S-1-S3; Special, SP-1-SP3.

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TEEN-AGE MILER Jim Ryan, improving by the month, in one of several borderline track men who may make the team in the Olympic trials next week. A portrait by Ted O'Leary.

IS HE A KODAK or is he a superhorse? His performance in The Hambletonian, meeting's premier event, will decide that about oddball Ayles, already a record-breaker at 2 and 3.

A TEXAS WOLF HUNT is like a Virginia fox hunt—more social than savage. Jack Olsen, with ears wide open, listens for the sounds of howls and the tall tales of Texans.

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TED MAULE

BUD SHRAKE

For eight years this magazine's—and the nation's—No. 1 writer on professional football has been Hamilton Bee (Tex) Maule. I noted here last November that Maule, in an eventful life, has been a trapeze artist, a merchant seaman and a sports columnist for *The Dallas Morning News*. During his association with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* pro football has itself become so eventful and has so fascinated America that we have constantly expended our coverage of it. There is no better evidence of this than the heft and scope of this issue, in which Maule's insights and judgments are prominently put forth.

Maule is an old friend; we have a new one joining him on the pro football beat this fall. His name is Edwin (Bud) Shrake, and by coincidence he also is a Texan. By coincidence he also is a former sports columnist for *The Dallas Morning News*. Maule, at 6 feet 2, is big; Shrake, four inches taller and no lightweight, really fills a doorway. Maule has written novels (*Jeremy Todd, Footprints*); so has Shrake (*Blood Reckoning, But Not for Love*). An authority on the American Football League—he broke the first story on its founding in 1960 in the *Dallas Times Herald*—Shrake has written the AFL scouting reports.

Another writer who figures importantly in this issue will never, I think it is safe to assume, be taken for a Texan. Early readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will remember George Plimpton for his fine portrait of Harold S. Vanderbilt and for many other articles—including the horrendous experience of pitching against a team of National League all-stars. A president of *The Harvard Lampoon*, co-founder of the

literary quarterly *The Paris Review* and leading spirit of a Manhattan literary salon whose visitors have included Mrs. John F. Kennedy, Plimpton has, for all that, taken several wild plunges into hazardous sport. Ernest Hemingway once gave him instruction in caping bulls and boxing and pondered his role on "the dark side of the moon of Walter Mitty." "Zero of the Lions" (see page 96) is Plimpton's tale of the time he played quarterback for Detroit and the fearful consequences thereof.

Maule and Shrake, thanks be, avoided red-doggers in their news-gathering trips to the training camps and came back unbruised. The product of their observations and interviews is in these pages. Their forecast of the outcome of this year's pro football races are below, alongside a consensus of sportswriters' predictions. "This," says Maule, "is probably the toughest year I have ever had in picking, including 1963, when the Cowboys subsided into a quivering heap after I put them first." If Maule is worried, I think I will just keep my own list in my hat.

NFL

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SHOPWALK

Umbrellas and canes for sporting use
are featured at a New York store

Using a stick or a cane makes walking easier," says Norman Simon of the Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop, at 110 West 45th Street in New York. "For one thing, you can't put your hands in your pockets. And if you walk with a cane you never become round-shouldered."

Norman Simon is the son of Sam Simon, after whom the shop is named, and he is one of the most knowledgeable men in the country about umbrellas and canes. Sam was the brother of Adolph Simon who, as far back as 1866, set out to shield his customers from rain, hail and round shoulders. At first the shop was a modest one on the Bowery; today the midtown shop carries 18,000 umbrellas



and canes, including many that are coveted by collectors. Uncle Sam's used to be canemaker to Charlie Chaplin and supplied gnarled, Harry-Lauder-type canes to Eddie Cantor and George Jessel during their early days in vaudeville.

The fact that there is increased interest today in walking for exercise and in outdoor spectating delights Norman, since the shop carries lines of canes and umbrellas for sportsmen that are of the highest quality and quite unique. An ideal umbrella for following rainy golf tournaments, for example, is a 16-rib nylon job with a single transparent vinyl panel (above) which allows a clear view of the goings-on with a minimum risk of getting soaked. The knob handle is made of molded lightweight maple, and the umbrella sells for \$15. A smaller, "stadium-size" umbrella with 10 ribs costs \$7.50. Umbrellas are available in the following solid colors: red, black, white, navy, orange, blue, tan, brown, green and gold. For alumni and students who wish to support their teams properly, combinations of any two of the above colors can be ordered. Delivery of college combinations of colors—like gold

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SHOPWALK



and blue—takes two weeks.

Another ingenious (and humanitarian) umbrella is designed to keep water from trickling down into the collars of stadium spectators seated in front of the owner. It is square, has four ribs and a hooked handle and costs \$12.

The combined umbrella and shooting stick shown at left has a covering made of heavy nylon, providing shade under a hot sun as well as shelter from the rain. The handle converts easily into a comfortable seat, and

the metal disk at the bottom of the shaft keeps the device from sinking too far into soft ground. It costs \$15.

Golfers (and others) may find another shop item useful: a 16-rib nylon umbrella with a black, hollowed-out anodized aluminum handle. Inside the handle, which unscrews, is a two-ounce flask that can be used to carry the owner's favorite beverage. It costs \$16.50.

Football fans may be interested in the unpretentious black cane with the hooked handle shown below. Made of anodized aluminum, it can hold five individual two-ounce flasks of any liquid needed to ward off the cold or protect the owner from the bites of snakes

DOUG MATTHEW



he may encounter in the stadium. It costs \$8.50.

Although walking sticks can be made of any material, the majority of tweed-wearing, dedicated outdoor walking enthusiasts prefer the knobby Irish black-thorn stick shown above. It costs from \$5 to \$15, depending on its thickness.

For customers outside New York, catalogs can be obtained by writing to Uncle Sam at 110 West 42nd Street. More than 25,000 catalogs are sent all over the world. If anybody gets wet or round-shouldered it will not be Norman Simon's fault.

—JILL CAMPBELL

PUERTO RICO'S INSTANT PARADISE



n. Peter Griffith

It's usually hard to tell the exact moment when a tourist attraction comes into fashion, but not with Puerto Rico. It happened on the day the Caribe Hilton opened. The hotel filled up right away and it's been busy ever since. And no wonder. Situated on a beautiful 17-acre estate jutting out into the ocean, with the ancient Spanish quarter of San Juan to the West and the exciting modern city to the East, the Caribe Hilton offers an endless variety of delights . . . sporting, sumptuous and spectacular.

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golf is available at the Dorado Hilton Hotel & Country Club, a short drive away.

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The Caribe Hilton has its own Spanish fortress right next door. And a short cab ride brings you to the four-hundred-year-old city of Old San Juan. Stroll narrow, twisting streets, paved with the blue ballast stone of the Spanish Galleons. Explore the huge fortress of El Morro that has a nine-hole golf course in its moat. Find treasures in the exciting shops and art galleries.



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After dark at the Caribe Hilton you'll sip cocktails at the Caribar. Choose from the very finest in Caribbean, American or Continental cuisine in the superb Rotisserie Castillo, social center of San Juan night life. Dine and dance in the cosmopolitan Club Caribe, with top international stars to entertain you. Or sample Polynesian delicacies of Trader Vic's.



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POINT OF FACT

An America's Cup quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

Where is the America's Cup now kept?

• The silver jug, valued at 100 guineas (\$510) in 1851, when the race began is kept in a special trophy room of the New York Yacht Club's headquarters in Manhattan. (To discourage thieves and pranksters, the trophy is bolted fast to an oak table and rests under a heavy glass case.)

Is there a limit to the number of crew members that a 12-meter boat is allowed to win America's Cup race?

• Yes—11. The rules permit the use of professional hands.

Have challenge races always been held off Newport, R.I.?

• No. From 1870 to 1920, 13 races were held either off Sandy Hook, N.J., or took place in New York Bay.

How does the 1984 course differ from the other races used since 1893?

• For the first time in cup history the 12-meter boats will not alternate windward-leeward and triangle courses but will undertake the more exciting Olympic course—six legs covering 24.3 miles, which combine the triangular and windward-leeward courses.

Have women ever crossed in the cup races?

• Yes, three of them. In 1920 the wife of William Burton, skipper of the *Shamrock II*, kept time for him when he was at the helm. Mrs. T.O.M. Sopwith sailed in the afterguard of her husband's *Endurance* in 1934 and *Endurance II* in 1937. And Mrs. Harold S. Vanderbilt accompanied her husband aboard *Ranger* in 1937. Other women have been aboard competing boats, but primarily as privileged passengers.

If it is considered the outstanding professional captain in the history of the races?

• Captain Charles Barr, who successfully defended the cup three times against Sir Thomas Lipton's challenges with the *Mutawks*.

In last month's trials between the British 12-meters *Suhela Kuttawa V* and *Sovereign*, what unusual mishap befallen *Sovereign* to lose her first race in four starts?

• With *Sovereign* enjoying a 40-second advantage, crew member Paul Anderson slipped overboard, requiring the yacht to put about and rescue him.

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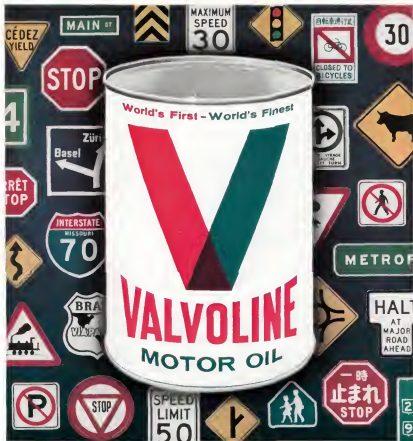
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SCORECARD

BRING WHITWASH

The American League is holding a special meeting in Boston next week to review the sale of the New York Yankees to CBS, but baseball lovers who are hoping the whole thing will be rescinded should not get carried away. In the past the American League has pretty much done what the Yankees wanted it to do, and it seems doubtful that this attitude will change now.

Most likely the Boston meeting is a public relations move to erase some of the bad impression left by the stealth and haste in which negotiations were rammed through; the object is to give a veneer of respectability to an ignominious deal.

GORDIE SPEAKS

The red-and-white sweater has been replaced by a maroon blazer, but the contents of the package are easily recognizable. The shoulders sloping down from the neck like an inverted V, the hands as big as catcher's mitts, the blacksmith's forearm—even in mufti it could only be Gordie Howe, professional hockey's top-ranking goal scorer and perhaps the finest all-round player ever to slip into the skates.

Howe has become a sporting goods adviser (à la Ted Williams) for Canada's department store colossus, T. Eaton Co., Ltd. Company officials are delighted. Howe has been getting an excellent press. Some Howisms:

On his maveric hands—"Milking. We had 12 of the best at home [Saskatoon, Saskatchewan] and if there was one thing I learned it was not to learn to milk too well."

On how a National Hockey League team would fare against the top Russian team—"Unless they played by our rules we'd have a terrible time with body contact. We'd probably get our ears pinned back, because there's no body contact in the offensive zone, and that is half our game."

On NHL goalies—"Johnny Bower [Toronto] and Terry Sawchuk [obtained by Toronto from Detroit in the NHL

draft] are best at knowing the exact dimensions of the net. If a shot is two inches wide they won't move. Glenn Hall [Chicago] has the fastest hands."

On NHL expansion—"I don't think it's a good idea. There just aren't enough players to go around."

Well, certainly not enough like Gordie Howe.

DIRTY POOL

Behind the surprising 34-6 defeat of the San Diego Chargers by the New York Jets last weekend was a racial incident that shattered the morale of the previously unbeaten Chargers.

Staying at Atlanta's Hilton Inn, several of the Chargers, all Negroes, were asked to keep out of its plush poolroom. When some players protested, Head Coach Sid Gillman reportedly asked his men to withdraw.

They did, but the effect on team morale was obvious. Even during the game several players said they were in no mood for football, and the team took what was only its second loss in the entire exhibition history of the Chargers.

One of the Hilton Inn's owners is Barron Hilton. He owns the Chargers, too.

THE INCOMPARABLE HANK

Since it appears that this is a year of miracle teams in baseball—what with the Phillies surprising the world, and the Orioles and White Sox leading the American League's dash—let us pause now to look back 50 years to the miracle team of 1914, the Boston Braves, and especially to their catcher, Harry (Red and Hank) Gowdy, who is still in baseball.

A springtime bout with pneumonia has Hank sitting on the porch of his house in Clintonville, the old North Side of Columbus, Ohio, but he retains his affiliation with baseball as youth director of the Columbus Jets. He is just taking a rest, the Jets insist.

Gowdy, who celebrated his 75th birthday August 24, was not much of a ring-leader in the Braves' astonishing dash from last to first—his season's batting average was an anemic .243—but in the

Series he slugged Philadelphia Athletic pinching at a .545 pace to lead the Braves to baseball's first four-game World Series sweep. For National Leaguers, that .545 still remains tops for the Series. And Hank was the first major leaguer to enlist for World War I and is the only major leaguer to have fought in World Wars I and II.

Respectable, tall and erect and waving a big cigar, he has cut a fine figure at clinics and various youth meetings to which his duties brought him. The Jets are looking forward to having him back in action soon.

THE RESTYLED WILD ONES

The image of American motorcycling has long been one of black leather jackets and those wide belts, and Marlon Brando did not help things one bit with his portrayal of a swaggering cyclist in *The Wild One*. Now the American Motorcycle Association, anxious to change all that, has sanctioned a two-wheeled road rally where clothes will count.

Size, make, shape and weight of motorcycle will not matter (with one exception: no jazzy handlebars) in the William E. Johnson Invitational on Sept. 27 in Pasadena. What will count is attire. The entry form specifies sports jackets for men—"if leather, we urge light colored," it says; and in italics it warns against that black leather. No club sweaters, jerseys



or T shirts, please, and no dark-blue Levi pants.

Women may wear "neat appearing, functional sports attire" (slacks or Capri pants are all right), but otherwise they are faced with the same restrictions as the men.

For a \$5 fee cyclists will spend the day rallying stylishly (in much the manner of sports car enthusiasts), and covi

continued

SCORECARD

of the entry will cover a modest buffet dinner and sedate entertainment at the end of the day. Dinner dress will be informal.

INSOURCIANCE

Three-quarters of the way through his first season in the major leagues, it is clear that Richie Allen, third baseman for the rampaging Philadelphia Phillies, is a very special rookie. He is not only club leader in home runs, but second on the team in runs batted in and, at 22, he has acquired a most unbecoming indifference to fame.

"Rookie of the Year," says Allen, the probable Rookie of the Year, "doesn't mean a thing. There's no money in it. Let them put up \$1,000 for the Rookie of the Year and it would be worthwhile. Hank Aaron never was Rookie of the Year, was he? Well, he wasn't and he's made lots of money." Allen doubted that the rookie award would be a factor in contract negotiations—that is, if one were to win the worthless thing.

With Richie, a \$50,000 bonus baby, money talks. After all, he was born in Wampum, Pa.

MAN WITH THE GOLDEN LEG

Though the Canadian Football League claimed the world field-goal distance record a couple of weeks ago—Bill Mitchell, Edmonton Eskimo center, booted a 58-yard three-pointer against the Calgary Stampeders—the U.S. expects it back. Pete Gogolak of the Buffalo Bills has already scored from 57 yards against the New York Jets. Not only that, he kicks like a soccer player, which is what he was before he and his family escaped from Budapest after the 1956 revolt. Astonished to discover that soccer is not played in Opdenburg, N.Y., where the family settled, he took up American football.

The soccer kick—the ball is approached from a 45° angle and hit high on the instep—has been so successful an innovation that Gogolak may yet have imitators. At Cornell, Pete was successful in 54 out of 55 conversion attempts and set an NCAA record of 44 in a row. Cornell used him sparingly on field goals,

but he did hang out one 50-yarder against Lehigh. And at Princeton his brother Charlie uses the soccer kick with almost equal facility.

Aside from his success with the long-range field goals, Pete's sidewinder kick-offs all but make a runback impossible. At 205 pounds and 6 feet 2, he might be considered rugged enough to scrimmage, but that leg is far too precious to risk and all Pete does is kick. Which is what he got into the game for in the first place.

QUICKIE GOLF

For a couple of weeks now, some of the Cincinnati Royals have been conditioning themselves for the coming National Basketball Association season by playing a strenuous game called "hit-and-run golf."

All it takes is an iron (a No. 7 is recommended), a putter, good legs and plenty of wind. You hit the ball, run to it and keep running after each shot until you reach the green. You may take all the time you want lining up a shot or a putt. Jay Arnette, Royals' reserve guard, and Wayne Embry, pivot man,

andrew j.

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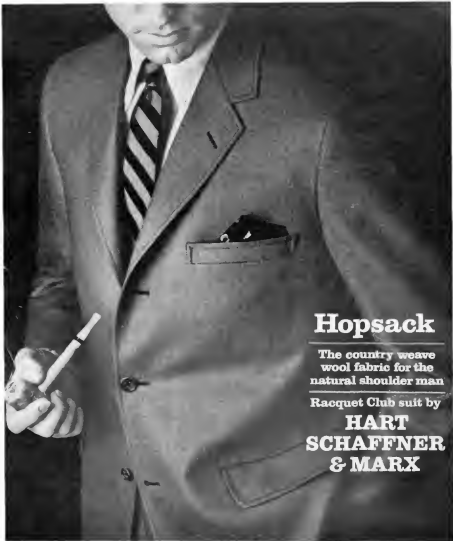
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Lies flat. The secret? Row upon row of interloop stitching inside each lapel. Far more than in ordinary suits.

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Golfers!

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SCORECARD continued

recently completed nine holes on Cincinnati's hilly, short (4,748 yards) Avon Fields municipal course in 35 minutes. Jerry Lucas, playing the full 18 holes with a No. 7 iron and a putter, shot a seven-over-par 73.

"It's a lot of fun and I took off seven pounds in one day," says Embey, who makes rather an unusual sight running pell-mell down the fairway in an astronautlike rubber sweat suit. "Of course, I imagine the rest of the golfers think we're crazy."

Hate to tell you this, Wayne, but you're right. They do.

SLOWDOWN FOR MICKY

Burly Mickey Thompson parlayed an insatiable love for tinkering and an aggressive nature into a fortune estimated at more than a million dollars. He also became one of the great men of speed. When he arrived last week on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, crew-cut Mick was talking at a clip sure to set speed records whether he did or not. He declared himself ready to establish some distance and endurance records, maybe a hot rod mark or two, and then he back later to wrest the world land-speed record from Craig Breedlove or Donald Campbell, regardless of which is recognized as holding it. As if that were not enough, Thompson was ecstatic about a front-engine racer which he believed would win next year's 500 in Indianapolis.

To prove he meant business, Mickey playfully took the controls of a sports car and zipped over the salt at 161.74 mph, fast enough to qualify him for a try at the record. But before he could do that the 35-year-old Mickey suffered what was described as a "blackout." He was taken to a hospital, where doctors determined that he was the victim of a heart ailment.

His condition, the doctors said, is "satisfactory," but his driving career is "definitely over." That is a condition that Mickey himself will never come to regard as satisfactory.

THEY SAID IT

• Mike De John, ex-heavyweight, on Sonny Liston's managerial involvements: "They cut him four ways—up, down, deep and often."

• Arthur Modell, owner of the Cleveland Browns: "Sam Huff has made the Redskins' defense a respected threat rather than a passing thought."

END

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TO FIGHT OR NOT TO



Nothing is simple in boxing. Here is the heavyweight champion, Cassius Clay. He now goes by the name of Muhammad Ali. Here is Sonny Liston—when he can be found. Last February in Miami Beach, Clay won the title when Liston refused to answer the bell for the seventh round. Liston said he had hurt his shoulder. A lot of people who had picked him to win screamed fit. A platoon of doctors examined Liston and said he really had hurt his shoulder. Now Clay and Liston want to fight again. But the proposed return match may be the least simple thing of all.

Before Clay fought Liston in Miami Beach, he signed a contract with Inter-Continental Promotions saying that if he won he would fight anyone Inter-Continental picked. Inter-Continental is made up of Sonny Liston's crowd, and it was no surprise when Inter-Continental picked Liston. Inter-Continental's deal with Clay is known as a rematch contract. It is standard practice in boxing,

but a number of commissions are opposed to it on the ground that a rematch contract prevents worthy challengers from fighting for the title. In the Liston-Clay case that objection is somewhat academic. There are no other worthwhile heavyweights around. What fighters Clay has not beaten, Liston has demolished. They have no one but each other.

Last week the World Boxing Association, which forbids rematch contracts, held its annual convention in Norfolk, Va. At issue was whether or not the WBA would approve the Liston-Clay fight that Inter-Continental Promotions plans to hold this November. The WBA is the old National Boxing Association dressed up with a fancier name and tricked out with a handful of foreign commissions as members, such as the Philippines, Japan and Mexico. In the U.S. only 37 states belong to the WBA, and many of them are staffed by political appointees who know little about boxing. Ed Lassman, who presided over

AYE say the backers of Liston and Clay (left), huddling at the WBA convention. Bill Cherry (far left), lawyer for Inter-Continental Promotions, talked of suing if Liston was "deprived of his livelihood." With Cherry are Bill Cutchins (center) and Bill Faversham, both of the group sponsoring Clay. They presented their case for the fight, but what they had to say did not impress the delegates

NAY say the members of the WBA (opposite) in an exultant show of heads against the Clay-Liston rematch. After "beating" the fight, undoubtedly an exercise in futility, the delegates voted to strip Clay of his title the moment a date and site for the bout are announced by Inter-Continental. The WBA includes representatives from 37 states... which leaves 13 for promoters to choose from

last week's meeting, qualifies as the owner of delicatessens in Miami Beach and Fort Lauderdale. Among the kinder things that have been said about the NBA, WBA is that it is 1) a laughing-stock and 2) a collection of windbags. As one delegate in Norfolk said frankly, the members "will submit to anything that fits whim or expediency." Last Wednesday, then, to the rallying cry that vaudeville was coming back, the WBA met in congress assembled in The Camelina Room of the Golden Triangle Motor Hotel.

On hand to talk to the delegates were Bill Faversham and Bill Cutchins, members of the Louisiana Sponsoring Group that manages Clay, and Harold Conrad and Bill Cherry of Inter-Continental. Bob Nilon of Inter-Continental was also present, but he stayed in the background while Cherry, a lawyer, and Conrad dickered with the delegates. Jack Nilon was absent. He resigned as Liston's manager last week and will have nothing more

FIGHT?

That was the foolish question the World Boxing Association asked at its convention about the Clay-Liston rematch. Expectably, it provided a foolish answer—but the fight will be held anyway by ROBERT H. BOYLE



to do with boxing. He has been sick for some time. For one thing, Liston had been driving him crazy. Then, just a couple of weeks ago, a New York grand jury indicted a Nilon acquaintance, a politician named Morris Gold, for lying about an attempted bribery. Gold, so the grand jury said, had offered an unnamed state official \$100,000 for an O.K. to start a racetrack, and Nilon had given Gold the money for the concession rights at the proposed track.

Whether Jack Nilon's troubles were real or imaginary, the WBA convention quickly took on an unreal air of its own. At one session a number of delegates met—in all seriousness—to decide who is the world heavyweight wrestling champion. Many of the WBA members are enthusiasts of what they call "rassling." They came out of this session with the hot news that Lou Thesz of Phoenix, Ariz., was the new champion. A wrestler identified only as The Bruiser was listed as the No. 3 contender. One delegate as-

sured a reporter that the tussle for the heavyweight rassling championship was always on the level.

Wrestling consumed only an hour of parliamentary debate, but heavyweight boxing took up the better part of four days. There were complications, mainly self-devised by the delegates. After voting to Clay, Liston had been removed from the WBA's list of heavyweight contenders. Removing contenders is supposed to be the business of the championships committee, but the championships committee had not done it. Lassman explained that the executive committee had banished Sonny after taking a vote. There was no record of the vote. Lassman, however, was careful to point out that Liston had not been suspended. After the delegates got all this straight, up stepped Commissioner Eldee Bohn, who owns a motel in Denver (where Liston now lives), to bellow that the Colorado commission had suspended Liston immediately after the Miami Beach fight.

Bohn declared that he had sent a notice of the suspension to Lassman and Arch Hindman, the executive secretary, but neither one could recall receiving it. Bohn said that Colorado had acted after Liston's "theatrical affair" in Miami Beach. "If we don't have the jurisdiction, we took the jurisdiction," he said. "I'm not gonna look at any medical examination and let that guide me wrongly on account of his being injured."

Whether or not Liston was suspended was left in midair as the delegates met to hear Cherry and Faversham state the case for the rematch. Just before Cherry started to speak there was a rhubarb at the door. The WBA sergeant at arms, Joseph F. Maloney of the Perth Amboy, N.J. Flax Lodge, tried to throw out the invited guests, Conrad and Cutchins. When Conrad protested, Lassman, looking as befuddled as Hugh Herbert, the old movie comedian, told the sergeant at arms to let the guests in. "Let's not have a carnival," Lassman said.

continued



Smiling Abe Greene welcomes response to his proposal that promoters contribute to WBA.

Cherry told the delegates that Inter-Continental wanted WBA approval of the fight, but he warned that if Liston were deprived of his livelihood by the WBA there might be grounds for a lawsuit. He tempered this by offering to let the WBA send relays of physicians to examine Sonny and make sure that his shoulder was all right. Cherry ended by saying that if the delegates approved the fight, Inter-Continental would give the WBA a percentage of the gate to help revive boxing. This was in response to a stirring plea made earlier in the convention by Abe Greene of New Jersey, who goes by the title of national commissioner, that it was time promoters contributed to boxing's future.

Faversham also asked the delegates to recognize the return fight. He said that although the Louisville Sponsoring Group had opposed the rematch contract, Clay would not have gotten the Miami Beach fight unless he had signed it. Furthermore, Faversham said, "Counsel advises that failure of Clay to perform this legal and valid contract would result in Clay and LSG becoming

liable in a breach of contract action for very substantial damages. . . . The WBA can best serve boxing and the public by reinstituting the recognition of Liston as a top contender after appropriate investigation to assure itself that Liston is 1) no longer a stockholder in Inter-Continental Promotions, 2) has no pending personal problems which could affect his image as a challenger and 3) that his physical condition is sufficient to enable him to challenge for the title."

The delegates applauded both Faversham and Cherry, and had a vote been taken then the rematch might well have been approved. But Lassman put the matter over until the next day, and by then the atmosphere had changed completely. ("Who knows what goes with these guys?" said Conrad, who had been courting delegates.)

The following day emotion ruled, and it took off in all directions. Al Sherman of the Miami Beach commission said that the Colorado commission should be severely admonished, because its suspension of Liston was "unwarranted, illegal and in the poorest of bad taste." Eddie Bohn bounced up to the mike and thundered, "Who the hell are you to tell us we are to be censured, Mr. Sherman! . . . Anybody who says that was a real good fight, I say you must be on the payroll!" Sherman bounced back and yelled, "I don't have to stand here and defend my commission for a goddam thing!" Several delegates gasped, and one said, "No bad language, please." That ended the battle between Bohn and Sherman, and the delegates started to knock Clay and Liston around. "I haven't seen Liston on any Wheaties boxes, or Mr. Clay either," said Ari Lurie of Las Vegas. "I know when I was a kid I could look at a cereal box and see my heroes." Bohn came to the fore again when he spotted a TV reporter with a tape recorder. "I'll take that tape or I'll punch you right in the nose!" he shouted, marching up to the front of the room. The reporter gave him the tape, and Bohn went back to his seat. J. Y. Jordan of Asheville, N.C., denounced Cherry. "He winds up offering us a bribe," Jordan drawled, referring to the percentage Cherry had mentioned. Jordan said that before coming to the convention he had had a long talk with Brooks Denby, the fine colored gentleman in charge of the locker room at his country club, and Brooks Denby had told him that "Liston was a disgrace

to his race." Jordan was so struck by this statement he had gone back to Brooks Denby to get permission to quote him, and Brooks Denby had given that permission.

Two ex-fighters, Bobby Dykes of the Miami commission and Chuck Davey of the Michigan commission, argued for recognition of the fight. "It's a natural," Davey said. Other delegates disagreed. Dr. A. J. Wagner, a dentist who is on the Ohio Athletic Commission, said angrily that too many speakers had wandered off the point. "Let's discuss boxing," he said, and with that he began, "I'm a member of the Boy Scouts of America," which prompted another delegate to jump up and say that Dr. Wagner was supposed to discuss boxing. Dr. Wagner did. He said the Liston-Clay fight "stinks"—he did not make clear whether he meant the last one or the next one—and added, "Let's put Liston back where he belongs, in the gutter." He said that Clay should be condemned for joining the Muslims, and he concluded with, "Let's teach our kids how to be as crooked as these guys are," whatever that meant.

Robert Summitt, chairman of the Ten-



Talking up fight, Harold Conrad tries to

nessie commission and a Democratic candidate for Congress, said, "I move that the World Boxing Association disapprove of the rematch of the fight, Liston vs. Clay." "I second that motion," said Jordan. Other delegates denounced the rematch. Bohn spoke for the last time. He said, "Liston was Santy Claus on the front page of *Esquire*."

Finally, Lassman announced the time had come for a vote. He got everyone thoroughly confused by saying that if a delegate voted yes he meant no on the fight, and if he voted no he meant yes. Lassman tried to straighten this out, but some in the room still appeared bewildered when he was through. The vote was taken, and 27 of the 29 city, state and foreign commissions present voted disapproval of the rematch. The two holdouts were Michigan and Kentucky, but they agreed to make the decision unanimous.

On the final day of the convention the delegates voted to strip Clay of the title the moment the site and date of the rematch are announced. Delegates talked about Clay's fighting Doug Jones, the WBA's No. 1 contender (or at least Jones was until he lost to an unranked last-

minute substitute a few weeks back, a fact that some delegates were not aware of) or Eddie Machen (again, one commissioner did not know that Machen had lost to Patterson in Sweden). A decision was made to hold an elimination tournament to find a new heavyweight champion without discussion of who besides the WBA would accept Jones or Machen or Floyd Patterson as the real champ as long as Clay and Liston are around.

The WBA had an opportunity to do having a service. For one thing, it could—and should—have fined Inter-Continental for violating the rematch rule and, even though the WBA's rules have never been upheld in court, Inter-Continental probably would have been glad to pay. For another, the WBA could—and should—have looked into the stock ownership of Inter-Continental and the possibility of continued gangster control of the ex-champion Sam Margolis. Blinky Palermo's old friend, certainly still owns shares. Finally, Liston is said to have transferred his stock to one C. J. Murphy of Denver, but no one in Norfolk knew who C. J. Murphy was. But instead of acting on these legitimate issues the WBA chose to solve the rematch question by

eliminating the match and the fighters as well.

There are 13 states that do not belong to the WBA, and Cherry and Conrad now promise that the fight will take place in one of them in mid-November. "We'll have the fight," Conrad says. "Any organization naive enough to sit down and seriously pick the heavyweight wrestling champion of the world is certainly not qualified to decide the issue of the world's heavyweight boxing title. The situation is ridiculous."

The chances are the situation will become more ridiculous. Before adjourning, the WBA elected a new president, Merv McKenize of the Ontario Athletics Commission. McKenize is best known in boxing circles as the commissioner who forgot to license anyone—fighters, seconds, managers, promoter—for the Patterson-McNeely title fight in Toronto. Meanwhile, ex-President Lassman is off on a new junket to spread the word of the WBA's moral stand. "There is a World Boxing Council meeting in Venice, Italy September 14 through 17," he said. "I am attending. They are offering hospitality for four days, including hotel, food, sightseeing and transportation." **END**



Influence Art Lurie (left) and then a skeptical Ed Lassman Topping Conrad's frustrations the sergeant at arms attempts to throw him out

WINNING A BARREL OF BEER MONEY

A brewery put up golf's biggest purse and pros from around the world tried to take it, but the foreigners never had a real chance as Bobby Nichols held off Arnold Palmer and won the \$35,000 first prize by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

Throughout the summer of 1964 there has been one sure way of winning a major North American golf tournament. You beat Arnold Palmer and you come in first. Since the last weekend in June this success formula has been followed five times. Tony Lema did it at the Cleveland Open, Jack Nicklaus at the White-marsh Open, Bobby Nichols at the PGA, Kel Nagle at the Canadian Open and Chi Chi Rodriguez at the Western Open. Last week at Oakland Hills Country Club north of Detroit the first \$200,000 Carling World Golf Championship was held amid the flying of foreign flags, a message from the President, boosts from the State Department and fairways full of brotherhood. When it was over, Bobby Nichols had shown that the '64 technique for U.S. golf success works internationally as well, for he beat Arnold Palmer by a stroke and that was good enough to take the awesome winner's purse of \$35,000.

Once again, as he had at the PGA last month, Palmer played some superb golf—which is only a way of saying that Nichols was superlative in beating him. To get his victory Nichols needed a two-under-par 278, the first subpar four-round score in the long history of Oakland Hills tournaments. To take the lead he had to shoot a beautiful 66 on Saturday, and to hold it on Sunday he had to beat back one chance to panic when Palmer eagled the 12th hole to tie him for the lead and another when Palmer birdied the 18th after hitting a fantastic shot that bounced off the flagstick. It was good golf and brave golf, and it got a lavish and promising event away to a rousing start.

Putting together a new international golf tournament of such enormous specifications as the Carling is a logistical feat that ranks somewhere between Operation Overlord and Henry V's assault on Agincourt. It took the better part of a year to collect and qualify the 134 pros

and one amateur who came from 15 different countries located on six continents. Forty-eight players came from outside the U.S.—some from as near as Canada, whose border is no more than a commuter's ride from Oakland Hills, and others from as far away as Hong Kong, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Argentina. All but four of the top U.S. pros answered the roll call, and so did the very best from the Antipodes and the United Kingdom.

The reason for this extraordinary turnout was not hard to find. The Carling Brewing Co. of Cleveland had put up the largest purse in the history of tournament golf—\$200,000. The first prize of \$35,000 had been exceeded only by the \$50,000 winner's purse during the brief, four-year span of the once and former "World Championships" that were staged by the late George May in Chicago during the middle 1950s. Even the booty prize for 75th place amounted to a pleasant \$620, and it was also arranged that anyone who completed the first 36 holes of the tournament but failed to qualify for the final two days of play would receive \$400.

The \$200,000 jackpot was \$75,000 more than the next highest purse on record. It was more money than Ben Hogan, the best player of the '40s, and '50s, has won in all his years of championship competition. It was more money for a single tournament than the pros played for during the whole year of 1942. It was enough money to run the entire U.S. government for a full minute.

The people of Carling saw nothing extraordinary about budgeting the \$450,000 it took to stage their event. In fact, they thought it made eminent sense. "Golf gives you a good image to be associated with," explained Henry E. (Tim) Russell, the golfing president of Carling breweries, who spent last week observing his company's single most extravagant public relations adventure.

"The game of golf is as clean as any sport there is."

Carling attached itself to the golf image as far back as 1953, when the pro game was first developing as a major spectator sport. Ian R. Dowie, a dynamic Scotsman, was then president of Carling, and he had been raised in Edinburgh, where golf occupies the same place in the life of a growing boy as slot machines do in Las Vegas. Dowie conceived the \$15,000 Carling Open for the brewery's home town of Cleveland and found a spot for it on the PGA tour. As time went on and it took more and more money to attract the attention of professional golfers, Carling gradually raised its purses to \$35,000 and rotated the tournament among most of the cities where the fast-growing company was building new plants—Boston, Atlanta, Washington, Tacoma and St. Louis.

"We grew as golf grew," Tim Russell says, with evident satisfaction. And indeed Carling grew rapidly. Fifteen years ago, when the company first introduced its "quality" beer, Carling Black Label, into the national market, it ranked 62nd in U.S. sales. Last year it was fourth, behind Budweiser, Schlitz and Pabst.

By 1961 it was getting obvious that the Carling Open had not grown as rapidly as either the beer sales or the prizes of pro golf. "It was just another tournament," Russell says, "so we decided we would have to drop it or find a way to do something outstanding with it." A steering committee was formed to pursue the idea of enlarging the tournament to intercontinental dimensions—something along the lines already achieved by the International Golf Association with its Canada Cup—and it evolved a plan that was simple to express but grand in scope: the company would offer much the biggest purse in golf and would get a representative selection of the best pros from all the golfing countries in the world to compete for it.



Waving the 36 putter that is making him rich, an astatic Nichols sees another long one drop

The previous Carling Opens had been run by H. R. (Dick) Taylor Jr., a low-pressure public relations man who now set out to prepare a study on how a large international tournament could be administered. It took him three months to get his report on paper and another two months for the steering committee to approve it and, as he puts it, "they blew the whistle in December 1962."

Some time was needed to find a summer date that fitted the PGA schedule and work out a system of qualifying that satisfied the U.S. pros. "it would have been pretty hard for any competent player not to qualify as long as he could hold on to a club," said one touring pro last week—but this was nothing to what was involved in setting up regional qualifying arrangements for the foreign golfers.

Taylor began by flying to Washington, explaining his proposition to the State Department and getting it to send letters of approval to U.S. embassies in the 60 golfing nations that Taylor was inviting to participate. On May 1, 1963 he set off on the first of two trips on which he would visit 48 of the 60 nations, explaining the Carling World Golf Championship and learning something about the state of golf in them. On this five-week journey he covered the British Isles, Europe, the Middle East, South Africa, Asia, Australia and New Zealand. Almost everywhere enthusiasm was high, and he even found some interest behind the Iron Curtain. Through the State Department he had made contact with golf officials in Czechoslovakia. He flew into Prague on a 24-hour permit and was met at the airport by three men who approached and identified themselves by saying, "Golf." Taylor replied, "Golf," and off they went to have a chat. He discovered that there are some 400 Czech golfers, but no one with a handicap of less than five.

Another triumph of golf over international ill feeling came with the agreement of the Arab nations to be included in the same qualifying zone as the Israelis, and vice versa. On the other hand, because of the apartheid policies of the South African government, it seemed diplomatic—i.e., necessary—to include the North African and Middle Eastern nations in the same zone as the Europeans and to let the South Africans, who have numbers of first-rate golfers, qualify among themselves in their own zone.

Meanwhile, many other things had to

continued

be arranged, some of them harrowing but normal for the sponsors of any major golf event these days, and others peculiar to the Carling. First, a course had to be found. Carling wanted to play the tournament in one of its principal marketing zones. And, as Tim Russell put it, "We were determined to play the tournament on the best course we could get in the U.S. However, any course that had had a major championship within the last two years was out, because the members would have howled."

Oakland Hills—"The Monster," as Ben Hogan dubbed it after winning the 1951 Open there—was the first choice. It had been the host to four U.S. Opens, most recently in 1961, and is among the half a dozen most difficult courses in the country. The members were adept at running a major championship, and they were not averse to closing their course for a week in order to earn the \$100,000 or so that accrues from such a championship.

Getting 48 golfers and another dozen or so observers from around the world was a \$30,000 transportation headache to the tournament committee. It was soothed by an arrangement with Pan American World Airways, which sells Carling Black Label on many of its flights. For the past few months Carling has been working Pan Am into its TV commercials free of charge. When the final bill for the airline tickets for far-away places is presented to Carling by Pan Am, the value of these commercials will be given serious consideration in totting up the eventual charge. It just may come out all even.

It took 475 hotel rooms in the area around Birmingham, Mich. to house the contestants, press, Carling personnel and the miscellaneous cargo that attaches itself to a big golf championship. The Northland Inn, an elaborate new hotel in a suburban Detroit shopping center, was the tournament headquarters, but the manager of Northland Inn was not entirely enchanted by the honor. By mid-afternoon of the Tuesday before the tournament began, when latecomers had not yet signed into some 40 of his rooms, he sold them and thus acquired a lobby full of angrily snorting golfers, including Tommy (Thunder) Bolt, whose wrath has been known to need more space than a lobby affords.

Since not all the golfers were at home in English, interpreters were provided—

two for the Japanese, two for the Chinese (one Mandarin and one Cantonese) and two for the speakers of Spanish. In addition, a Chinese golf bug by the name of Peter Lin paid his own fare all the way from Taipei to do the cooking for two Far Eastern pros, who he feared would not be able to digest the American variety of rice (they failed to make the cut, even on Lin's cooking). Carling also provided a kind of *chef de protocol* in the person of Peter Bennett, the head of public relations for Canadian Breweries and a onetime British foreign service officer who has done time at the U.N.

To take full advantage of its golfing image, Carling bought more television time over the CBS network than had ever been spent on a single golf event. On Friday night it staged a half-hour network show in which Tony Lema, Cary Middlecott, Dave Marr and others described the snares and pitfalls of the six holes that would be covered by the TV cameras during the following two days—two more holes, incidentally, than have formerly been shown on a tournament telecast. The hour and a half of the Saturday broadcast and the two hours on Sunday were also a television first, both in the total length of the shows and the number of stations (208) on the hookup.

It was, in sum, a major commercial enterprise, but by last week it had just the kind of international flavor—and attention—Carling had hoped for. A sort of United Nations are of flags flew around the practice green, and at the tournament's formal opening ceremonies a protocol officer from the State Department read a welcoming message from President Johnson. "On behalf of all Americans and particularly those who are devotees of the great sport of golf, I extend best wishes and welcome. . . ." Impressed, Billy Casper observed with fervor, "This is a tremendous tournament. There's no telling how important it could be to international sport in years to come." There the amenities ended, and the pros set out on the stimulating business of drubbing their foreign friends and each other in pursuit of \$200,000.

As the play proceeded, the only notable disappointments in the otherwise triumphant debut of the tournament were the size of the galleries (40,639 in four days) and the performance of the visitors from abroad. None but Gary Player of South Africa and Bruce Devlin of

Australia were in serious contention on the final day—Player finishing in third place with 281 and Devlin in a tie for sixth at 283. Both of them are, however, among the more successful competitors from week to week on the U.S. professional tour, so they hardly qualify as strangers to the world of American golf. The only other overseas visitors to crack the first 40 were Peter Butler, the British PGA champion, whose 288 brought him a tie for 17th, and Peter Alliss, the long-driving British Ryder Cup perennial, who tied for 33rd with a 290.

Twenty-nine of the 48 visitors failed to make the cut at the end of two days. None of the South Americans made it, only Kojiro Ono of Japan among the Asians and only half of the 12 entrants from the British Isles. Obviously, this says something emphatic about the relative qualities of tournament play in the U.S. and the rest of the world. What it says, in the main, is that a course like Oakland Hills is just too much golf—



Foreigners unfamiliar with courses as long and testing as Oakland Hills found the going tough, and sometimes showed it. Displaying varying degrees of pain, stress, tension and bewilderment are (left to right) Japan's Kojiro Ono, Spain's Angel Miguel, Argentina's Floriano Mahina, England's Lionel Platts.

the holes too long, the bunkers too many and the greens too difficult—for players who are not accustomed to the American way of golf. The exception to this is the British, for, when the weather is violent, the more noble of their seaside courses can make Oakland Hills seem like peewee golf. But the British pros simply do not have the opportunity to develop enough tournament toughness during their short season.

Nothing illustrated this point better than the performance of Butler. He started the tournament with two fine rounds of 71 and 69 and found himself in a tie for second on Friday evening. "It's certainly nice to see one of the visitors doing so well," said a Carling official, a sentiment echoed all around the clubhouse, for everyone hoped that the international tournament would maintain some international competition. But late Saturday afternoon Butler started to drift back into the pack, and his final round of 76, while playing in the same

pairing with Palmer and Player, showed what can happen to a stranger in the presence of Arnie and his Army.

Yet if the foreign performance was not lustrous, that of Ben Hogan was. Every time he walked up to a green he received the kind of applause from the gallery that can come only to a man of profound quality, and his tie for fourth at 282 after a final round of 68 was something to be savored. The Hawk still inspires awe among his fellow pros, too. One afternoon Pete Brown, a fine young Negro golfer who tied Hogan for fourth, came bounding up the stairs to the grill room, where some other players were eating, and chirped in a shrill voice: "He just said, 'Hi, Pete.'"

"Who did?" someone asked.

"Hogan did," said Brown, in a tizzy.

Bobby Nichols, it developed, got something from Hogan, too. "I practiced with Ben Hogan on Tuesday," he explained, "and I really learned a lot. I just tried to hit the ball the way he

does—straight down the middle and up onto the green and hope to sink a putt or two." That is exactly how Nichols played through the tension-filled last seven holes on Sunday, refusing to change his strategy no matter what Palmer did. A birdie on 12 and then six safe pars were good enough to win, just as he had done at the PGA when his winning putt went in. Nichols lofted his red cap high into the happy gallery, and then Arnold Palmer was saying—rather seriously—to him, "Let me have one once in a while, will you?"

Palmer will get one, to be sure, and Carling seems to have one now. "I hate to sound excessively puffy about it," Carling's Tim Russell found himself saying puffy last week, "but there is no limit to this tournament's possibilities." Next year it will be played in the U.S. again, and then in England. But meanwhile it does have one limit, its first champion won't sell a lot of beer—Bobby Nichols doesn't drink the stuff. **END**



A SLIPPERY GHOST SPOOKS 'EAGLE'

There's nothing like winning to make a winner. As one soft, soggy day followed another off Newport, the sleek "Constellation" ghosted home first in race after race of the final trials to pick an America's Cup defender. Far behind, wallowing in frustration, was the heavy-weather champ, "American Eagle." In these doldrums there was no way to tell whether the once-triumphant

"Eagle" was still the better boat in a blow. Connie was winning; that was the point. And from each win the radiations of victory spread to inflame her crew, her backers, her fans and eventually all of Newport. As the week ended with Connie 5 up on her rival, it seemed certain the selection committee would soon succumb to the contagion and name "Constellation" the defender.



The triumph of "Constellation" is a team triumph. Strategy and tactics are discussed before a race as former Cup Skipper Briggs Cunningham confers with Helmsman Bob Barver (far left). Designer Glin Stephens (holding chin). Glin's brother Rod (white hair) and other team members. The result: Connie heads out in high spirits for another victory (below).





Like sports fans everywhere, the spectator fleet is quick to identify itself with the winner. Mock eagle feathers are on sale along the waterfront to signalize the Bird's difficulties, and the nautical equivalents of campaign buttons blossom dilly from mastheads.

Rod Stephens, here pointing the way for Connie's crew, was invited aboard by Skipper Eric Ridder after the disasters of the early trials. His sally presence on deck, like the sure hand of Bob Bevier at the wheel, was a potent catalyst in turning defeat into victory.





BRIGHT SHINE ON AN OLD SHOE

Roy Emerson is regarded by many people as just folks, but he is the world's best amateur tennis player

by **FRANK DEFORD**

The crown that Roy Emerson wears as the best amateur tennis player in the world becomes him and the game. It is never rakishly tilted or garishly illuminated, and it is tarnished only because, as Emerson himself frankly says, "there is no such thing as amateur tennis." No matter. What is tendered as amateur tennis is still there, an entity, and Roy Emerson is the king of it.

"There is this about Emerson first," says Pancho Contreras, the Mexico Davis Cup captain. "He is always a winner. He has won them all—Wimbledon, Forest Hills, the Davis Cup. But he wins in the Caribbean, too—Trinidad, Barranquilla. He wins in Europe. He wins the little ones. He just wins."

Emerson's consistency is amazing. At one stretch in 1961-62, he played in the finals of 19 consecutive tournaments. He won at Wimbledon last July on his ninth try, thus succeeding to virtually every title of even casual significance—singles and doubles—in the world. Today he is at his peak, and there seems little reason

continued



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to doubt that he will again win the U.S. nationals, which began this week at Forest Hills.

Yet among his fellow tournament players Emerson is not viewed with abject awe. He is given hardly more than the modest commendation that is due any man who is so obviously the champion. He is regarded as sort of an odd shoe who just happened into the world's championship—or, more appropriately, inherited it. No one ever dares propose that any other leading amateur—McKinley, Santana, Ralston, Osuna—is a consistent threat to Emerson, but no one will suggest, either, that Emerson is anything special, as No. 1 players go.

There are a lot of reasons for this attitude, not the least of which is that, as amateurs go, Emerson is an odd shoe. Suffering from a chronic love affair with tennis and all its environs, Emerson can only plead guilty to the charge of amateur longevity and an overexposure that would ruin the best of TV comedians.

A member of the Australian Davis Cup team since he was 17, Emerson was winning big matches in the U.S. as long ago as 1954. Yet he was never terribly spectacular, and he simply emerged, moving up as the other Australians matriculated into the shadowy world of professionalism. When Rod Laver won the 1962 Grand Slam and then accepted \$110,000 to turn pro, Emerson was left as the undisputed amateur king.

A notably uncomplicated person, Emerson does not delude himself. "I was lucky—all the others turning pro and all the Davis Cup play I had. But I know how good I am. You should know how good you are. There really is very little difference between No. 1 and No. 2 and even No. 20."

As a matter of fact, Emerson did a little more than fall to the top. He was ranked No. 1 ahead of Laver the year before the Grand Slam, and the first time Laver got a pro offer it was as part of a \$30,000 package with Emerson. (Emerson's latest offer last winter was \$50,000 for just himself.) But Emerson will never be the gate attraction pro tennis needs, for his game is not slashing and romantic but coolly efficient. He has almost every shot hard, but his serve is only very good, compared to the serves of the other top players; he is one of the fastest players in the game, but he is so smooth and big (6 feet, 170) that he never comes off as one of the crowd-pleasing little

scramblers. Often tactically naive and with no real finesse at all, Emerson wins by wearing his opponents down and leading them into mistakes.

He exudes dispassion. "Sometimes he works so fast, he looks like a blur across the net," Dennis Ralston says. "He is an IBM," adds Rafael Osuna. Emerson hardly ever changes his game and seldom even bothers with strategy. "Just play your bloody best," he says. "If you can't do it, you can't."

Not surprisingly, then, the consensus is that the only way to beat Emerson is to pressure him from the start and hope that somehow—if only mentally—he will falter. It happens rarely, but when it does it can be complete. In the French championships in May, Nicola Pietrangeli of Italy routed Emerson 6-1, 6-3, 6-3. That lost ruined Emerson's chances for a 1964 Grand Slam.

Because he is so fit—he practices incessantly—Emerson is a good bet in a long match. He is also a good advertisement for cigarette smoking, since he has been employed by Philip Morris since 1962. Well, he is just sort of a good advertisement for smoking. Although he scatters packs of Marlboros around with abandon, Emerson smokes like a kid getting the hang of it behind the woodshed. Sometimes he cannot even offer to let you have one of those Marlboros because: "Oh, I think I brought the stale pack with me." It is safe to say that Roy Emerson does not smoke alone.

He was offered the Philip Morris public-relations job mostly because Company President Joseph Cullinan III of Brimcliff Manor, N.Y., is an amateur tennis enthusiast who wanted to make it easier for Emerson to reject pro temptations. There is nothing sinister about all this, but it is at least ironic that an American company will be most responsible if the Australians take the Davis Cup back from the U.S. in Cleveland two weeks from now. Emerson got a new three-year contract last winter and a raise to about \$8,000, which provides enough for a financial base to insure (almost) that he will remain an amateur.

Expediency aside, Emerson also views his job as his future. There is not much work for him to do on the road except drop those Marlboro boxes and "oh, pass out a few cigarettes here and there," but when he is home in Brisbane he works in the office. His efforts have im-

pressed his superiors. "Roy is much smarter than the other Australian players," one older foreign star says. "All of them quit school and just play tennis. They're very nice, but most of them never learn anything. Roy has. He's grown. He'll do all right when he's through playing."

Certainly Philip Morris' stah at pseudosubsidization seems to have been a factor for Emerson. Mal Anderson, his brother-in-law and a pro, says, "Top amateurs nowadays make more than the average pro anyway. If Laver hadn't turned pro he could be making \$600 to \$800 a week in tournaments. If Roy ever decides to turn professional, it won't be just the money. It will be because he wants to prove how good he really is." It is likely, though, that he would not be an immediate pro success and, as uncolorful as he is, he would be absolutely veiled in defeat. Even with his "Rocket Rod" billing, Laver has found a swift professional obscurity.

For purposes of legitimate description and alliteration, Emerson might have been called "Rocket Roy." But the only nickname he has ever picked up embodies all the imagination of calling a champ named Jones "Jonesy." Almost everybody calls the No. 1 player "Fimo." "It sounds like a detergent," Emerson says, smiling.

When Emerson smiles—which he does quite a bit—he exposes something like 400 teeth. It is a deceiving mouth, dominating his features when it is open. He is almost handsome. Roddy McDowallish, with fascinating slicked-down hair that never looks greasy and yet never, never gets mussed. Curiously, Emerson looks very much like brother-in-law Anderson, who married Roy's older sister Daphne. Playing each other, the two men have completely unnerved referees. One poor fellow, after a set or so of completely confusing the two, finally got up front his chair in the middle of a game, mustered, "I can't tell you hokes apart," and left the court. Emerson graciously accepted congratulations after Anderson won at Forest Hills in 1957. "Yes," Roy said, "I was seeing them pretty well today." He has that sort of good, dry humor, but he is quite capable of stretching it and can even pull off slick Shelley Berman-type stuff on the phone—calling up Anderson and posing as an old beau

continued

of Daphne's or calling up his father and passing himself off as a gentleman interested in promoting tennis for the blind, with bells on the net and the balls.

The Emersons are a close family. Mal and Daphne live across the street from the senior Emersons in Brisbane. Roy, his pretty wife Joy and son Anthony, 17 months, live a couple of miles away in a solid, unpretentious new brick house in Aspley, a newly fashionable Brisbane suburb for rising young executives and professional men.

The Emersons, who have been married for six years, are in Australia only four months a year, from October to February. For a celebrity of his stature, Roy lives a relatively anonymous life. He has never developed into a folk hero the way some Aussie sports stars have. Besides, tennis is not the spectator draw that it was a decade ago. Emerson describes many matches that he played down under as having been watched by "eight dogs and cats and Anthony."

Looking trim and up-and-coming in his business suit, Emerson is seldom recognized on his way to work, and even around the courts he tastes little of the adoration that American athletes receive. Indeed, when someone makes a fuss over him he gets genuinely embarrassed by the whole display. A few weeks ago two Australian tourists suddenly pulled him aside from an open door in Mexico City. "Draft," one explained. "Very bad, you know." "Yes, Emo," the other said, "can't have anything like that," Emerson, at first completely unbalanced by it all, did recover quickly enough to thank the gentlemen for their solicitations, but he never did seem to understand why he was worth all the attention.

Such natural unpretentiousness has made Emerson popular with the other players. He never alibis, seldom squawks at calls and is always particularly polite and socially alert off the court. If the false nature of "shamateurism" forces him to be particularly attracted to an available dollar, he is otherwise refined, composed, a good conversationalist, a good dresser, a good dancer.

The Emerson family is from Durham, in northern England. Roy's grandfather emigrated to Australia in the late 1800s, and Roy himself grew up on his father's 300-acre dairy farm around Blackbutt, Queensland. Other Australians call Queenslanders "Bananalanders." The farm had one tennis court and 160 cows,

which Roy milked almost every day. "I could still do it. That is one touch," he says, baring his teeth, "that you never lose." The family moved to Brisbane in 1951 for no other reason than to promote the tennis ambitions of Roy and his older sisters, Daphne and Hazel.

"It wasn't really sacrifice," Mr. Emerson says. "It was hard leaving the district where I had lived all my life, but there was no work for the girls. We were fairly comfortable financially. We knew that we were not going to be any worse off in Brisbane. Before I made up my mind I went to Norm Brimson, the local coach who had been coaching Roy. I asked him: 'Do you think he can make it?' Norm said, 'Yes,' so we put the farm on half shares and left."

Roy attended prestige private schools in Brisbane, where he fared satisfactorily academically and exceptionally athletically. Before he was 17 his parents had made the decision to let him leave school for tennis. By the time his classmates were graduating the next year, Emerson was a dropout touring the world. He was not exactly cosmopolitan, though. In London he sent out his laundry just before he checked out. When he was told to leave a forwarding address, he got so flustered that he then left his luggage standing in the lobby.

Today this sort of Bananalander is out of the man. He stays in the hotel and reads while Joy goes and gets impressed by the sightseeing. By now the Emersons have friends in virtually every place in the world where tennis is played. And, in a sense, Emerson needs the whole tennis world for support. He naturally commands the highest "expenses" of any amateur, and it was the money more than the advertised reason—to keep in top form against the top players—that caused Emerson and several other Aussie players to buck the weak and unpopular Lawn Tennis Association of Australia this year. The LTAA ruled that no Australian players would be sanctioned to receive expenses outside of Australia until March 31. The intent was to keep the players in Australia, entertaining the natives in the hinterland. The LTAA thought the players owed this to their country. The players thought that playing lonely exhibitions in the bush when they could be in Trinidad or Monte Carlo was silly, to say the least, and

expensive, to say something else again. When the players—Emerson and Ken Fletcher first—left early, the LTAA did its worst: it suspended all the happy wanderers from the Davis Cup team.

It was Emerson who eventually initiated the mediation that permitted his reinstatement. He wrote to Norman Strange, the LTAA president, from Wimbledon. He began with his typical frankness: "On behalf of all the rebels," and then he went on to suggest that if the ban were lifted this year he would promise to stay home in 1965 until February 28. The LTAA, which had been cast as villains by the press and the fans, was glad to find an opening and hurried to embrace Emerson's compromise.

For Emerson, the Davis Cup Challenge Round in Cleveland will be his sixth. Only 12 other players have ever played in so many. There is every chance that before he is through Emerson will have played in more Challenge Rounds than any other Australian. (Norman Brookes, with eight, is his only countryman to appear in more than six.) With his stamina, Emerson has an outside chance to reach Bill Tilden's record of 11 Challenge Rounds. In fact, Emerson is compiling an overall record of wins—Davis Cup and otherwise—that may eventually top that of any player since the war and all but three or four before.

"I don't think about that," he says. "I just want to play as long as I enjoy it, I have to settle down and I like Philip Morris, but I will play as long as I really like it. This is a good life."

This was said at a rooftop restaurant in Mexico City. The No. 1 player looked like the No. 1 should look—immaculately dressed, every hair and tooth in place. Pancho Contreras came over from another table and put his menu down on top of the box of Marlboros and asked if Emerson would recommend something. "The beef strips are very good," Emo said, and looked back casually over the city below and the world his ninth time around.

Roy Emerson has gotten his money's worth out of tennis, but the game has been paid back in kind. Technically he really is something of a tennis bum—27 years old and traveling all over the world with a wife and child and playing a game for "expenses"—but what Roy Emerson truly is is a tennis gentleman. **END**



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A Year of Change,

In the Sugar Bowl in New Orleans, on a hot humid night last month, some 70,000 people paid from \$3 to \$6 for the privilege of watching the St. Louis Cardinals whomp the Green Bay Packers in a preseason football game. It was not a particularly good game, but the spectators howled as though they were seeing a championship playoff.

"Does that crowd and that noise prove anything to you?" asked Dave Dixon, the promoter of the game, when it was over. "If it hadn't rained all day, we would have filled the stadium. We would have had 82,000. We need a pro club here."

As pro football enters its 69th year, the keynote of the most rapidly growing spectator sport in history is expansion. And pro football, in this year of change, problems and prosperity, is overflowing its stadiums.

The two biggest worries of the established National Football League are what to do about expansion and how to cope with the stepchild of its own prosperity, the American Football League. Probably the most eagerly awaited game in American sports is the playoff between the National and American

champions, but this still seems years away.

"We have no plans for such a game," repeated NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle recently. "The welfare of our players is one of our prime concerns. Their efforts in the championship game produce \$900,000 annually in pension benefits, and a playoff with the AFL could only dilute this, certainly not increase it.

"Besides that, I would like to point out again that for three years we were publicly vilified by the owners in the AFL, and we were sued by them for \$10 million, a suit which cost the NFL a great deal of time and money to win. It was less than a year ago—only last December—that this suit was finally resolved."

Rozelle is not too eager to move into new cities, either, despite the indicated interest and obvious ability of New Orleans and Atlanta to support a professional football team.

"I doubt that we will expand the league in the immediate future," he says. "If and when we do, then certainly Atlanta and New Orleans deserve the strongest consideration. But one of the difficulties is personnel. It takes years to acquire the depth of material necessary to be a contender in the NFL. Dallas

Problems and Prosperity

and Minnesota are good examples of that."

If and when the NFL does expand, the Tex Schramm plan is the one most favored by the owners. Schramm, the general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, envisions two conferences, each split into two four-team divisions. The division champions would play for the conference championship, and then the conference winner would play for the league championship, thus stretching the season into January.

But to utilize this plan, the NFL would have to add two teams, and it is doubtful that promoters in Atlanta and New Orleans will sit waiting for their NFL bid when the AFL is eager to move in and might soon do so.

"If the NFL would tell me that I could surely have a franchise, I would wait as long as necessary," says Dixon, the New Orleans promoter. "But I haven't had any assurance of any kind. If the AFL makes a good offer, I'll have to take it."

While the NFL is moving slowly in expanding the league, the clubs are beginning to ease the demand for tickets by cautiously moving into theater television. In New York, Baltimore, Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleve-

land, Washington, Green Bay and Milwaukee, it is almost impossible for a nonseason-ticket holder to get a good seat to a home game. The Bears, after a successful experiment with theater television in the championship game last year, will offer some 10,000 theater tickets to their home games this year. The Detroit Lions and the New York Giants will televise three or four of their home games in theaters, and other clubs will begin in 1965.

"The owners consider theater television an extension of the home stadium for the fans' convenience," says Rozelle. "The money to be made is not yet significant. But this is an exciting new way to present the sport."

Rozelle does not believe that home pay television will be a factor for a long time. "Should clubs go into home pay television, I feel it will be strictly on home games, the way theater television is being used now. I can't imagine our ever forsaking free television of road games."

The year's most notable development may be the tremendous expansion of the scouting systems of both leagues. Fifteen years ago the Los Angeles Rams dominated

continued

the NFL on the strength of the most meticulous scouting system in football. In 1964 the Rams will spend well over \$100,000 on scouting talent in colleges—about the same amount it will cost every other club in the league.

Vigorous competition for talent between the two leagues has increased scouting budgets. At the end of last season the old league dreamed up an extensive but effective dodge that gave it a temporary edge in signing college players. The NFL used a widespread network of baby-sitters to insure signing the top draft choices. The baby-sitters were scouts who camped on the draftees' doorsteps to wait until the player had been chosen and then held the fort or signed him for whatever club had drafted him. In past years the player was not approached until after the draft was over, and the club owning him had found time to send someone to talk contract. The NFL owners can no longer wait; now drafting and signing of a player is almost simultaneous. The AFL is beginning a baby-sitting system this year, and draftees of the future will have two men ringing their doorbells at the same time.

The added emphasis on scouting and the signing of players is the NFL's tacit admission that the AFL, despite difficulties at the box office for the last four years, is in business to stay. Any lingering hopes that NFL owners nursed for the demise of the young league died abruptly when the National Broadcasting Company signed a five-year contract, to begin in 1965, for AFL games. The contract gives \$750,000 a year to each AFL club to start with, increases each year to nearly a million in the fifth year, and, in effect, insures the AFL's survival until it can attract enough customers and sign enough top-level football players to offer the NFL real competition.

Although AFL fans will claim otherwise, it will be another two or three years before the AFL can match the NFL in the quality of football played, and it might be longer if the

younger league is not more successful in signing draftees than it was last year (two of the first NFL choices). But when the two leagues are more evenly matched, the NFL will have to forgo its stance of injured innocence and accept the AFL as a worthy rival. Already there is cooperation between the two player associations.

But it will not be the players or even the weight of public opinion that will bring peace to the pro football war. The cost of football talent has zoomed during the four years of the AFL's life, and 1964 bids fair to set new records in bonuses given and salaries paid. It will be an economic necessity for the AFL and the NFL to join in a common draft to keep player pay on what owners consider a reasonable level, if they can avoid incurring anti-trust penalties as a result of interest aroused by the recent CBS-New York Yankees deal.

Right now there is a trend in the NFL toward joint drafting within the league. Some clubs are pooling their scouting information. Already operating in pools are two three-team combinations (San Francisco, Los Angeles and Dallas, and Detroit, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia) and one four-team combination (Green Bay, St. Louis, Baltimore and Cleveland).

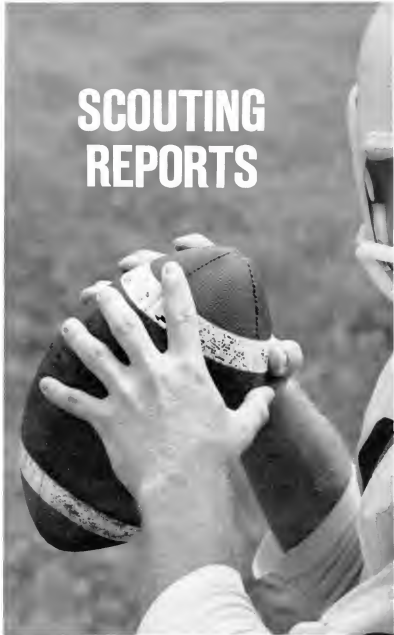
"We get a much better report on a player this way," says Tex Schramm of the Cowboys. "We get three reports instead of one. We don't make as many mistakes on players."

Despite rising costs, no team in the NFL will fail to make money in 1964, and some teams in the AFL probably will be in the black for the first time. And 1964 may be the last year that any pro football team loses money, because the TV contract insures a profit for every AFL club.

Prosperity aside, 1964 looks to be a thrilling season in both leagues. Several clubs have improved prospects and are going to surprise fans across the country—see following pages, if you please.

—TEX MAULE

SCOUTING REPORTS



An Old Story: the Giants and Tittle

Ever since last Dec. 29 a heated argument has raged in the East over the NFL championship game. If, Giant rooters insist, Y. A. Tittle (see cover) had not reinjured his fragile knee, that wintry day in Chicago would have turned to summer in New York. Coach Allie Sherman gambled on a tottering Tittle rather than take a larger risk and go with rookie Glynn Griffing. He lost, but it is a gamble he is going to repeat this year—and once again he expects to go all the way with Y. A. Once again, too, the target of Tittle's deep thrusts will be Del Shofner (right, No. 85). The Giant medium-range attack (see following pages) looks relatively bland, but old pro Frank Gifford and Dick James, an import from Washington, will spice it when it is—say—third and eight. And for three yards, there is still dependable Alex Webster.





Sure-handed Frank Gifford (left) beats most defenders on Tittle's short passes, provides useful complement to Giant ground attack.

Speedster Dick James, a small (5 feet 9, 182) back, obtained from Redskins, bolsters Giant running game and adds punt-return threat.





A PEDANTIC PROFESSOR WHO LIKES TO BUCK LONG ODDS

Gambling on Tittle is only one example of the brinkmanship practiced by Allie Sherman, who also has scrapped his defense.

BY TEX MAULE

Allie Sherman is a small, sincere young man who looks like a successful stockbroker. He is thoughtful, introspective, kind, cheerful and prone to exhaustive self-examination. He is that rarest of men—one who is doing precisely what he wants to do, something he has always dreamed of doing since he was a ragged-pants boy growing up in Brooklyn.

He was an unlikely-looking pro football quarterback under Greasy Neale (SI, Aug. 24) of the Philadelphia Eagles. He is now an unlikely-looking pro football coach for the New York Giants but he happens to be one of the best coaches in the National Football League.

He came within a dropped pass and a sprained knee of winning the NFL championship last year, and then broke up the team that had done much better than most fans had expected and almost as well as Allie had thought they would do. He took an enormous gamble by trading away Sam Huff and Dick Modzelewski, two of the keys to a Giant defense which was not spectacular but was always sufficient to the needs of the day.

Last week Sherman dropped a real megaton bomb when he traded away the Giants' first draft choice—Joe Don Looney—and their No. 1 ground-gainer, Phil King. Looney and Lou Kiriouac, a reserve lineman, went to the Baltimore Colts for End R. C. Owens and Defensive Back Andy Nelson.

"We have to go with young hacks. In Ernie Wheelwright, Steve Thurlow and Clarence Childs, we have three good ones," Sherman explained, pointedly omitting mention of Looney. "Then we have experience in Webster, Morrison and James. It's an ideal combination."

Besides the "ideal combination" the Giants also have a surplus of receivers and defensive backs. Should they suddenly be caught short anywhere else they have eminently tradable material. So there are likely to be more trades.

Sherman has lived dangerously ever since he took over as head coach of the Giants, because the Giants have only one quarterback—aging, bald, brilliant and brittle Y. A. Tittle. Glynn Griffing, who was No. 2 last year, never proved himself under fire and was released. There are two rookies on the Giant roster this year—small, quick Gary Wood from Cornell, who has the arm and the desire—as he so well demonstrated in last week's exhibition game when he threw three touchdown passes to beat the Philadelphia Eagles—and tall Henry Schlichtle, who has not yet shown the spark that enables a quarterback to move a team.

But Sherman is a gambler and a good one and, beyond that, he is technically and psychologically fitted to coach a pro team.

"You get a lift playing for him," a veteran from another club said a couple of years ago after being coached by Sherman in the Pro Bowl Game in Los Angeles. "The guy I played for during the season, all I got from him was a growl if I blew an assignment. When I came off the field in the Pro Bowl after making a good block, Allie made a point of coming over and saying something good. And if I made a mistake, he discussed it and he didn't cuss me. I wanted to play for him. It was different." "The only inventory you have in this business is human beings," Sherman says.

continued

Alex Webster, in his 10th year of pro football, is still the Giants' key inside runner.

"Almost anyone can draw the circles and Xs on the board. But you have to learn that the circles and Xs are people and that you have to operate within their limitations."

Sherman learned the lesson of limits early, because he was himself a left-handed quarterback of limited ability who did not impress his high school coach enough to draw a uniform.

"I always wanted to play football," he says. "I wanted to play from as long ago as I can remember. I finally got a chance at Brooklyn College, but before that most of my football was on sandlots. I played T formation quarterback at Brooklyn College and that was just when the T took over, so I was drafted by the Eagles because everyone wanted a ballplayer who could operate the T."

When Sherman showed up at the Eagle training camp, he was one of eight quarterbacks Greasy Neale was examining. Since Sherman was thin and looked too fragile to play ping-pong, no one thought he would make the club—with the exception of Sherman.

"I used to lie awake nights and worry about it, but I was sure I would make it," Albie says now. He speaks precisely and carefully and he has an undeserved reputation among sportswriters for talking in clichés. He is fond of certain phrases and they have a ring of Madison Avenue, but when he digs earnestly into a discussion of football the true phrases disappear. In a dressing room after a Giant game he is apt to discuss the afternoon's action in terms more likely to be used by a pedantic professor. "We were

unable to establish continuity in our ground attack," he said once last season. "The impetus of momentum was with the other team."

In an effort to establish continuity in the Giant ground attack this year, Sherman drafted Joe Don Looney, a massive but moody fullback who played for four colleges before being unceremoniously hooted off the Oklahoma squad early in the 1963 season. Looney was the Giants' first draft choice; it is safe to say that he would not have been the first draft choice of any other club in the league.

The fact that the Giants added this gamble to the rest of the gambles they have taken since the end of the 1963 season is a tribute to Sherman's predilection for extracting fine wine from sour grapes. Looney spent four days in the



Against training camp background, New York Giants Coach Albie Sherman poses the problems of rebuilding defense, finding second quarterback.

BEFORE YOU BUY ANY STEREO, CONSIDER THIS:

Giant training camp before he joined the College All-Star squad. The four days were not particularly indicative of a change of attitude by Looney, who had floored an Oklahoma assistant coach as the immediate prelude to being kicked off the Oklahoma squad.

One afternoon Don Smith, the Giant publicity man, asked Looney to come down to his office to talk to a reporter. Looney refused. Smith sent a messenger back to Looney's room to point out that part of his contract with the Giants requires that he cooperate in public relations, and Looney sent the messenger back with a brief and rude suggestion as to what Smith could do.

"He didn't talk to anyone and he spent most of his time in his room flexing his muscles," one observer at the Giant camp said. "He'll be a problem," said Sherman. "He looked fine in practice. He can kick the ball very well and he works hard. He has all the physical equipment. Somewhere in his personality is a key you can turn to open him up. Our job is to find the key."

When Looney returned from the All-Star camp with a pulled leg muscle, he still was not overflowing with desire. "He doesn't have a Giant attitude," one player said, and Sherman finally agreed. Albie could not find the Looney key, and now the Colts' Don Shula has the job of hunting for it.

Sherman seldom has failed to plumb the psyches of football players—both the good and the marginal. He studied them for five years as a second-string quarterback for the Philadelphia Eagles.

"When I got out of Brooklyn College I had real good grades," he says. "My family didn't want me to be a football player. They thought I was wasting myself. But I sat down and thought the whole thing out and I decided that what I wanted to do in life was coach, and if I wanted to coach, then the best way to learn was to play with the pros. I knew I could make more money doing something else, but my object has never been to make a great deal of money."

Sherman began training himself to be a head coach methodically. After he made the grade as the No. 2 quarterback of the Eagles, he changed roommates every year.

"I roomed with a defensive lineman one year to find out about his job, then I changed to a running halfback and a

continued



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

defensive halfback and an offensive lineman and an end," he says. "I spent a lot of time finding out about their positions and their psychology."

One of his roommates was Tom Miller, an end for the Eagles who is now the publicity man for the Green Bay Packers.

"If I went out for a beer, Allie would lecture me," Miller says now. "He told me that the most important thing in the world was playing good football and I couldn't be good if I didn't train. And he spent all the time we were together asking me questions. I don't think he ever had a thought that wasn't about football."

Allie became very close to Greasy Neale, and it was on Neale's advice that he quit as an active player.

"Greasy knew how I felt," he said. "He knew I wanted to coach. He told me he would let me know when to make my move, and he did after my fifth year. I think I might have taken over as No. 1 quarterback eventually, but a coaching job came up in a minor pro league and Greasy advised me to take it. I took the job and we won the championship and I sat back waiting for the coaching offers to come in, but none did."

With the help of Lou Little, Allie wound up with the Giants, installing the T formation for Steve Owen. When Owen was fired and Jim Lee Howell took over, Allie went to Canada to coach the Winnipeg team.

"I learned a very valuable lesson in Canada," he says now. "At the end of each year, I evaluate my experiences and try to discover what I have gained. I don't think about my successes. I go over my failures. After my first year in Canada I discovered that my biggest problem had been in coaching the Canadian players. I found that I had to learn to gear down to the slowest mind on the team, not up to the quickest. On the Canadian teams, you had American players thoroughly familiar with American football and Canadians who were not and who had to be taught slowly. It is a lesson that is still very useful."

After three years in Canada in which his teams reached the playoff three times, Sherman returned to the Giants staff as a scout, then took charge of the entire offense. When Howell retired in 1960, Allie got the top job, although he was Owner Wellington Mara's second choice.



Relieved Sherman reassures *Lineman Lane Howell* after short but demanding practice.

"I wanted the head job," he said. "I knew I was ready. Wellington called me in and said that he had promised Vince Lombardi the job if he were free to take it. If he couldn't take it, I was the only other man they would consider."

Lombardi, then and now head coach of the Packers, could not take the job, and it went to Sherman.

The Giants have done well under Allie's easy hand and his gift for organizing. His practices are meticulously planned and efficient, and although they are relatively short—an hour and 15 minutes usually—there is almost no standing-around time. Pass drills are run in sections—one side of the line at a time and two drills going on at once so that all the quarterbacks work and all the players are in action continuously. A small example of the care with which he plans a practice is a grid he has drawn on the

practice field at Fairfield, Conn. This is for blocking and pass-rush drill. The chalk marks indicate lanes for the ends and tackles to stay in as they try to reach the passer, another chalk mark shows the passer where he should set up to throw. This diagram on the turf insures that the defensive ends and tackles take the shortest route to the passer and it gives the offensive linemen a clear idea of the area they must protect. In each scrimmage it makes head-on conflict between the blockers and rushers a certainty.

The Giants will be a carefully prepared, finely honed football team. But even for a coach of Sherman's stature, the negatives outweigh the positives. The loss of Huff leaves a big hole not filled by the return of Andy Robustelli, who can lend guidance but cannot fill all the positions of a shaky defense. A less obvious but a critical loss is Dick Mod-

zelewski, traded to Cleveland. The Huff trade shocked Giant fans, but from Sherman's point of view it was logical. "We needed a quality player to replace Robustelli," Sherman said. "We have good young linebackers and we had to give quality to get it. A few years from now Huff would not have brought much." The quality player to replace Robustelli turned out to be Robustelli. Sherman has tinkered with the line, trying Andy Stynchula at defensive tackle and end, shifting Offensive Guard Ken Byers to defensive end and moving Bob Taylor in at both tackle and end, but even if he arrives at an acceptable solution, it will take time for the defense to jell and there is not enough time in a season. Jerry Hillebrand tried to fill Huff's shoes but was injured. Lou Slaby, off last year's taxi squad, is the incumbent now and he may be the equal of Huff in a few years.

Although Modzelewski never made All-League as a defensive tackle, he was a key on defense because he could protect the impetuous John LoVetere, a tackle who has a tremendous charge but who leaves himself open to traps because of it. A veteran like Mo could close the trap hole for LoVetere; whoever takes his place in the Giant line will lack Mo's experience and his ability to rectify the mistakes of LoVetere.

Too, Sherman must depend on very old or very young running backs. Alex Webster is one of the solidest players in the NFL, but he is 33 years old and was injured last year. Dick James is 30 and small to play the most punishing of all positions—running back. Rookie fullback Ernie Wheelwright was impressive in preseason games and he fits the trend toward big backs who can block linebackers, but rookies make mistakes. Joe Morrison is a versatile and useful runner, but the Giants need help in the backfield.

And the last and biggest gamble, of course, is on the health of the incomparable Y. A. Tittle. Behind him are novices. With him, the Giants, despite the problems on defense and in running backs, could, given receivers like Del Shofner, Joe Morrison, Bobby Crespo, Frank Gifford and Homer Jones, score their way to another championship. But without him, they would be in trouble.

Sherman is a careful, calculating gambler but he may be trying to fill an inside straight this year.

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

So, in the East: Browns? Cardinals? Cowboys?

For five years the Giants have towered over the Eastern Division. Now any one of three teams—St. Louis, Dallas and Cleveland—could topple one of pro football's most determined dynasties

CLEVELAND BROWNS

When Art Modell, the owner of the Cleveland Browns, fired a legend last year, he was criticized bitterly by pro football experts—not because he had booted Paul Brown out of football, but for the manner in which he did it. "You don't fire a coach because the players don't like him," a long-established coach in the league said. "You fire him because you don't like what he has done. Hell, I can find eight players on any team who hate the coach at the end of the season. If I can't, he's a lousy coach."

But easygoing Blanton Collier, who is liked by everyone on the club from Modell down to the equipment manager, led the Browns to second place. Jim Brown (*uphr*) gave his all for the new regime and Frank Ryan and Jim Ninowski, the two Brown quarterbacks, played

better than they ever had before. But even with all this euphoria, it is doubtful that Collier can move the Browns any higher than third in the Eastern Division this year.

Cleveland has, in Ryan and Ninowski, two good but erratic quarterbacks who can't count on the attacks of charging linebackers by a lack of blocking from the fullback spot. No club has ever had a better runner than Jim Brown, but one runner is no longer enough. Two are needed. The Brown defense—from the front line deep into the secondary—has flaws and the Brown offense is not powerful enough to make up for this deficiency. In a division where almost every club strikes through the air, the Brown air defense is not quite adequate, and some strength has been added to their air offense by the acquisition of flanker Paul Warfield.

SUM-UP The Browns, with two sometimes brilliant quarterbacks, and help

on the flanks in deep receivers, should score prolifically. But they faltered last year when some of their defensemen were injured. The defense will be the biggest problem again this year—a big enough problem to keep the Browns out of the top spot in a stronger Eastern Division.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

The Cardinals were a year and a few injuries away from an Eastern Division championship in 1963; the year is here and the injuries have passed, and it looks like St. Louis will lose to Green Bay or Baltimore in the championship game.

Only Green Bay has a deeper and better set of running backs. Last year the Cardinals lost brittle John Crow and Prentice Gautt as the season started, then came up with two almost as good



runners in Joe Childress and Bill Triplett, unfortunately, is out this year with a lung infection, but the Cardinals still have Crow, Gault, Childress, rookie Wallis Crenshaw and Thunder Thornton—all big, quick, strong and intelligent, and also powerful blockers.

In front of them is a tough offensive line which is beginning its third year as a unit. It is young and quick, and it should do two chores well—protect Charley Johnson, the small but hardy quarterback, and open running holes. Johnson has some of the best targets in the league to throw to in Sonny Randle, Bobby Joe Conrad, Taz Anderson, Jackie Smith and rookie Bob Johnson. This is an offense that should be as good or better than the Giants' and much more versatile.

"We were the only club in the East that did not make a trade," says Wally Lemm, the Cardinal head coach. "We're set both ways, offense and defense. Of course, if you don't trade, you have to hope your players develop. Johnson, for instance, has grown in ability each year, and he hasn't reached a plateau yet. He gets better and better. There are four players we depend on to get better this year. If we win the championship, it will be because they improved."

The four players are Jerry Stovall, a defensive back who is potentially one of the best; Larry Stallings, a 230-pound linebacker; Don Brumm, a 245-pound defensive end and Sam Silas, a 250-pound defensive tackle with a knack for reaching the quarterback.

The Cardinals could use more depth at defensive tackle and in the secondary, where the retirements of Ed Henke and Billy Stacy cost them in experience, but defensive depth is a common lack throughout the league.

In one respect, the Cardinals are like the Giants: behind No. 1 Quarterback Charley Johnson is untested Buddy Humphrey. But Johnson is only 25 years old and less vulnerable to the erosion of blitzing linebackers than is Y. A. Tittle. Johnson hurts less easily and heals quicker and, if he learns to drill a pass into a quartering wind, he should take the Cardinals to the championship. Johnson is a good learner and the St. Louis team has all the rest of the ingredients.

SUM-UP The best offense in the league on the ground and one of the best in

the air, plus a young and improving defense, should take the Cardinals to the championship.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

Buddy Parker, the coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, made what was probably the worst trade in NFL history at the end of last year when he sent Buddy Dial to the Dallas Cowboys for the right to negotiate with Texas Tackle Scott Appleton.

If he had managed to sign Appleton, Parker would have been in good shape. Since Appleton, who can play in either the offensive or defensive line, would have helped the Steelers where they need help. But Appleton signed with the AFL's Houston team and it left the Steelers still suffering in depth in the defensive line and suffering even more for a deep receiver to match Gary Ballman. Now Parker must place all his faith in rookie Paul Martha at flanker to complement the pass-receiving ability of Ballman. No rookie can carry so heavy a burden.

The Steeler running backs, John Henry Johnson, Clarence Peaks, Theron Sapp, Dick Hoak and Phil King—the latter named in the dramatic late trade with the Giants—are all slashers, but none of them is fast enough to break up a game. The only possibility of a long-range touchdown from a running play lies in a rookie free agent named Dave Fleming. The Steeler offensive line is sound but not spectacular; Pittsburgh has survived on defense for a long time and, in a league where defense is beginning to give way to scoring, that won't be enough. The Steeler quarterbacks are journeymen; Ed Brown can have moments of brilliance but will not be able to string together enough games for a championship. Bill Nelsen is developing, but he is a scrambler and no scrambler has ever won an NFL championship. He is unlikely to be the first.

The once invulnerable Steeler defensive line is suffering the erosion of time, and Parker needs help where help is hard to come by. He has a strong nucleus headed by End Dan LaRose, but the line lacks depth. The Steeler linebackers, led by Myron Pottios, one of the best middle linebackers in football, are

quick and strong, but Parker could use more depth in the secondary and he will have a difficult time trading for it.

SUM-UP The Steelers finished fourth in 1963 with a strange 7-4-3 season. They could drop a notch this year, finishing fifth. With just adequate quarterbacks, flaws in the defense and a lack of fast running backs and deep receivers, Parker faces a frustrating season. He is an ingenious and inventive coach and he will probably squeeze a few more victories out of this team than most coaches would, but not enough.

DALLAS COWBOYS

The young Dallas Cowboys may have blown the 1963 season in a minute and a half at the end of the first half of their first game against the St. Louis Cardinals. They were leading 7-3 at the time, but a series of mistakes cost them 17 points and they left the field behind 20-7, confused and disheartened. It took them most of the rest of the season to recover—one of the penalties of youth. They are not quite as young now, their offense is enormously strengthened by the addition of two top receivers, Tommy McDonald and Buddy Dial, and the defense is not so apt to collapse in a quivering heap at the onset of adversity.

Tom Landry, with a 10-year contract, the one truly secure coach in the league, has the most versatile and powerful offense in either division of the NFL, with the lone exception of the Green Bay Packers. Don Meredith has gone through a long and difficult maturing process, but he now appears to have completed it. Amos Marsh, Don Perkins, Amos Bullocks and Jim Stiger are all fast running backs who will give the Cowboys the third-best set of runners in football, behind Green Bay and St. Louis. To go with McDonald and Dial, Meredith has Pettis Norman, Lee Folkins and Frank Clarke, all better than run-of-the-mine receivers. The offensive line is young, with a leavening of experience in the person of Jim Ray Smith, but it has played together long enough to be cohesive. It will occasionally allow linebackers to reach Meredith, but the occasions should be rare enough for the Cowboys to mount an excellent attack.

"The defense is still a couple of years from its peak," Landry says. "But it's beginning to come on a little. We don't have to be as rigid now; we can give the players more options for reaction since they understand better what they are doing."

The Cowboys have the brightest defensive backfield prospect in many years in Mel Renfro. The combination of Renfro and Mike Gaechter could give Dallas the fastest safeties in the league. Cornell Green and Don Bishop are good corner backs, and Landry has a rare thing—depth in his defensive backfield.

His linebackers are small but agile, and Lee Roy Jordan, with a few years' more experience and the addition of 10 or 15 pounds, looks like a good bet to make All-League.

SUM-UP The Dallas team finished fifth in 1963, after a disastrous start. With augmented deep-passing threats and with good running backs behind an adequate offensive line, the Cowboys may be the strongest all-round offensive team in the East. Look for Meredith to be among the top passers in the league and for the Cowboy running backs, aided by the receiving threat of McDonald and Dial, to rank high, too. The defense should hold up well enough—with more interceptions than last year—to bring the Cowboys home second.

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WASHINGTON REDSKINS

Bill McPeak, coach of the Redskins, may have made the two best trades of the off season when he acquired leaders for both his offensive and defensive units in Sonny Jurgensen of the Eagles and Sam Huff of the New York Giants.

Jurgensen, who replaces Norman Snead, brings the poise and confidence of experience to the club plus an arm as good as that of his younger predecessor. Huff, long the mainstay of the Giant defensive unit, has taken control of the Redskin defense and infused it with some of his arrogant self-confidence. There is more talent on this 1964 squad than ever before, and there is a brand-new feeling. Huff and Jurgensen are winners in attitude.

"It's a turn-about from last year," says Defensive Halfback John Sample.

continued

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"They are going to find out real quick they can't drop the bomb on us," says McPeak, whose team was the Houston Oilers of pro football last year. Opponents completed 55.2% of their passes against Washington, and the completions were good for a disastrous 14 yards a shot. The Washington pass defense could only get better. Two line rookies—Tom Walters and Paul Krause—help the secondary, and the new experienced linebackers—Jim Carr, a converted defensive back, and Huff—lend mobility and wisdom to the defense. Huff closes the holes in the middle but—more important—his ability to lend help to either side cuts down on the territory that Bob Pellegrini must defend. Pellegrini is sure but slow, now he can cheat to the outside, covering more of the wide zone, depending on Huff to handle part of the territory to his inside. Carr, obtained from the Eagles in the Sneed-Jurgensen trade, has the quickness of a defensive back and is adept at snuffing out screens and flat passes. The Redskin defensive line was good last year, with help from the rear, it should be much better.

One of Washington's troubles in 1963 was a lack of fast running backs. Now the Redskins have rookie Charley Taylor, a 6-foot-3, 215-pound sprinter, who was the most valuable collegian in the Bear-All-Star game, and Angelo Coia, obtained from the Bears, who complements the speed of Bobby Mitchell at spread end. Although Jug Hernandez, a transplant from Canada, is even faster and may beat out Coia. Jurgensen thus will have two of the fastest targets in the league to throw at. George Izo, a perennial second-string quarterback, had to take over for Jurgensen during the pre-season schedule and did a commendable job; he has finally learned to control his desire to throw the bomb in favor of the safer short pass.

In Orzie Clay, the Redskins have a superb punt and kickoff returner, and John Soodborg gives them a long-range kicker who can salvage three points.

SUM-UP Better, deeper quarterbacking, faster running backs, more good receivers help the Redskin offense, and Sam Huff has revitalized the defense. The Redskins will be spoilers, but they are not yet ready to move into contention. They will be sixth.





PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

Joe Kuharich, who quit as head of league officials to lead the Philadelphia Eagles, must be rated as the bravest of the 14 NFL coaches; he has disposed of a great deal of the Philadelphia offense and some of the defense and is starting his first season with an almost completely rebuilt team.

He traded away Sonny Jurgensen and Tommy McDonald and got Norm Sneed, two second-string linemen, a punter and a defensive back. He gave up Lee Roy Caffey to the Packers for untested Fullback Earl Gros (*left*). The newest of new brooms, Kuharich has swept the old Eagle squad clean.

He should have a better season than his predecessor, Nick Skorich, but, considering the time it takes to weld all the disparate elements of offense and defense into a cohesive whole, the improvement will not lift the Eagles off the bottom of the heap.

The Philadelphia offensive line will be improved with the addition of Jim Ringo (an ex-Packer) at center. Sneed, who came from Washington for Sonny Jurgensen, does not have Jurgensen's poise or experience but will get better protection in the pocket than he had with the Redskins. Earl Gros, the ex-third-string Packer fullback, is better than anything the Eagles had last year but could remain third-string behind Tom Woodeschick and Israel Lang. On the credit side, the Eagles may have an exciting halfback in Timmy Brown. Red Mack, Ron Goodwin and Pete Retzlaff are all capable receivers. Sam Baker, who came from the Cowboys in the McDonald trade, should improve the Eagle kicking game.

The Eagle defense is stronger but not quite strong enough. The defensive line is barely adequate at tackle. The linebackers are good but not good enough to remedy that soft spot in front of them.

SUM-UP The top teams in the East are not as strong as they were a year ago but the second division teams are stronger, and the Eagles have to move up in the second division first. A good offense will not be enough to offset defensive difficulties. The Eagles will score a lot of points, but a lot more will be scored against them. Last again, but closer up,

TURN PAGE FOR MORE SCOUTING REPORTS

Some Bad News for the Bears

Without Paul Hornung, Green Bay finished half a game behind Chicago last year. Hornung has come back strong, and so have the Packers

CHICAGO BEARS

The Chicago Bears had the best defense in pro football in 1963. They did not have much else, but, as things turned out, the best defense brought them the NFL championship. There were a few innovations in that defense—at least in execution—which puzzled the other teams long enough to enable the Bears, with perhaps the most pedestrian offense in championship history, to go all the way.

The 1964 Bear offense will not shake the football world. Billy Wade still directs it with the gambling instinct of your maiden aunt Sophronia at the Wednesday Afternoon Bridge Club. Unless Coach George Halas revamps the plan of attack to include at least the threat of an occasional long pass, the rest of the West will tighten up its pass coverage and cut off the short passes.

The Bears lost one of their few game-breaking threats when Willie Gahmore (along with teammate John Farrington) was killed in a tragic automobile accident during the off season. Jon Arnett came from the Rams as a replacement

for Gahmore, but it is doubtful that Arnett will fill the void.

The Bear defense is unchanged. Doug Atkins, a slumbering giant at defensive end, is still the best in the business. The rest of the Bear defensive line is also formidable. And the Bear linebackers complement this front four perfectly. There is one weakness in the secondary, at corner back, but the two safeties are so quick that they compensate for it.

Mike Ditka (right), the human fireplug who plays tight end for the Bears, is a rarity. He has the speed and the hands to catch passes, plus the sheer strength to bury a linchbacker when he has to block. But with an offense geared to the short gain, the good deep receivers—Gary Barnes, Johnny Morris and Rich Kiesel—rarely get an opportunity.

Chicago's big weakness is in running. Rick Casares and Joe Marconi block well, but they are four-step fullbacks who never break loose. Ronnie Bull, at halfback, can get a first down on third and six or seven, but he is no game-breaker.

SUM-UP The Bear defense, more familiar now to the rest of the league, cannot hope to do as well as it did last year,

continued





The weak offense is no stronger. Other western teams have improved, and what was good enough for first in 1963 should suffice for fourth in 1964.

GREEN BAY PACKERS

The Green Bay Packers lost two games and the championship to the same club last year—the Chicago Bears. But the Packers played without Paul Hornung in both games and without starting quarterback Bart Starr in one. Both Hornung and Starr are healthy as the season starts; indeed, Hornung looks better than he has ever looked—which is something like saying that the *Venus de Milo* has sprouted arms.

This Packers team may be the best that Coach Vince Lombardi has had. The offensive line is stronger with a versatile coterie of running backs behind it. The Bears have Mike Ditka at tight end, but the Packers have two Mike Ditkas—Ron Kramer and Marv Fleming. Most clubs are looking for a massive, quick-running back who can block. In Jim Taylor, Tom Moore, Paul Hornung, Dennis Claidige, Frank Mestnik and Elijah Pitts, the Packers have six. Claidige, a 6-foot-3, 225-pound rookie quarterback from Nebraska, can also play halfback and fullback. His arm is strong enough and accurate enough so that he will be a sound third quarterback behind Zeke Bratkowski. He should be even better than Hornung on the pass-run option.

Max McGee, Boyd Dowler, Kramer, Fleming and rookie Bob Long are tall, fast receivers for the accurate throws of Starr and Zeke Bratkowski.

The defensive line has two quick, deadly rushers in Henry Jordan and Willie Davis, one of the smartest tackles in the league in Dave Hanner, and a sound young end in Lionel Aldridge. Behind Hanner is promising Ron Kostelnick. Dave Robinson, 6 feet 3 and 245, is taking over one of the linebacker spots in place of retiring All-League Bill Forester. That would be a sticky assignment on most teams in the league, but Robinson has coaches on the field with him in old hands Ray Nitschke, on his left, and Jesse Whitton on his right.

With this wealth of physical talent, only injuries could cost the Packers another championship. But injuries should

be no bugaboo, since at every position they have depth.

SUM-UP Success has brought wealth to the Packers, and the individual players have a lot of money. Last year Emlen Tunnell, the Giant coach who once played with Green Bay, said, "They may not be hungry anymore." He was kidding, but he could still be right. Lombardi does not think so. If the Packers want it badly enough, the championship is theirs, for this is an almost flawless team, with all the weapons of attack any pro club ever had and a seasoned, smart defense.

BALTIMORE COLTS

John Unitas, in his ninth year with Baltimore, is still—with Bart Starr and Y. A. Tittle—one of the three best quarterbacks around. Behind Unitas stands the best No. 2 quarterback, Gary Cuozzo. If the Colts were as well equipped elsewhere, they would come close to winning the Western Division championship, but they fall a little shy.

The running backs are better than they have been. Tom Matte runs ingeniously, blocks enthusiastically and throws an acceptable option pass. He shares halfback with Lenny Moore, a talented runner and a fine receiver. Jerry Hill is a small Jim Taylor, with the same explosive charge and a fine balance; Marv Woodson and Tony Lorick—two rookies—promise to be wonderful runners. Another rookie—newly acquired Joe Don Looney—is a big question mark. Unitas and Cuozzo have good pass catchers in Raymond Berry, Jimmy Orr, John Mackey, Butch Wilson and rookie Neal Pettes. The offensive line is elderly in some spots and young in others, but it is adequate.

Unfortunately, Coach Don Shula's defense is not quite strong enough. The principal weakness is also the most damaging—the Colt corner backs are not quite up to fulfilling their function of covering fast receivers. Gino Marchetti combines with Ordell Braase to give the Colts a fine pair of defensive ends, but there is a soft spot at one tackle, and the Colt linebackers are not among the best.

Baltimore should have good ball control. But control never offsets a defensive weakness against the throw-in ball.

SUM-UP The Colts will score high for victory over many of their opponents. But the really sound teams will hold them and then outscore them by both running and throwing against a just average defense. The odds are that the Colts will finish second to the Packers.

DETROIT LIONS

With the return of Alex Karras, Coach George Wilson and his Detroit Lions once again have the best defensive line in the league. Karras and his 300-pound running mate, Roger Brown, are certainly the best pair of tackles, and Ends Darrin McCord and Sam Williams, backed up by Bill Quinlan, provide strength and agility outside. Then, of course, there is Joe Schmidt, an automatic All-League each year at middle linebacker, flanked by Wayne Walker and either Carl Brettsehneder or young Ernie Clark.

Until Night Train Lane limped off to the hospital for a knee operation midway through the training season, the Lion defensive secondary was tops, too. Lane's replacement—either rookie Bobby Thompson or five-year man Bruce Mahler—cannot hope to perform as well as the old pro. So closely matched are the likely runners-up to the Packers in the Western Division that this one drop-out may slide Detroit into fourth or fifth.

Plagued for several seasons by the lack of real quality running backs, the Lions go into the 1964 season with the same serious flaw. Nick Pietrosante is a strong runner and a good blocker, but he does not have the speed to break away, and the other backs—Tom Watkins, Larry Ferguson, Nick Ryder—are small as running backs go in the NFL.

In Earl Morrall and Milt Plum, George Wilson has two very good quarterbacks; Morrall earned the Lions during the second half of last season. Plum, slowed by a knee injury, had a disappointing year, but he has been even sharper than Morrall in preseason games and may take over the No. 1 spot.

The two Lion quarterbacks have good receivers who have been underrated. Gail Cogdill and Terry Barr are fast, movable and sure-fingered. At tight end, Jim Gibbons, not quite as big as the

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Ditkas and Kramers, is a solid blocker and an adept receiver.

SUM-UP The awesome rush which destroyed Bart Starr on Thanksgiving Day a couple of years ago should be evident again with the return of Alex Karras. A strong passing attack is limited by journeyman running backs. If the Lions get Lane back quickly and if they find a breakaway runner, they might surprise. Otherwise, they will fight it out with the Bears for fourth.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

When the Vikings were born in 1961, their first draft choice was Tommy Mason, who has turned out to be one of the game's best running backs. Unfortunately, he came to camp with a jammed neck suffered in the College All-Star training camp and was not at full strength until midseason. Since that first year, the Vikings have lost their first draft choice, for one reason or another, until now. This year the first draft choice was Carl Eller, a massive, fast defensive end, who was also a member of the College All-Stars. Luckily, he reported to the Vikings in good health and has been jamming the necks of offensive tackles in a way that delights Coach Norm Van Brocklin. Eller and Jim Marshall, the other defensive end, give the Vikings a determined pass-rush. A strong pass-rush is a bedrock of a strong pass defense.

Van Brocklin has had a surprisingly adept offensive team since the Vikings sprang full grown but anemic from the forehead of the NFL expansion committee. His defense has been nonexistent, or tenuous. Now it is almost adequate.

Van Brocklin's defensive tackles are reasonably good. His middle linebacker—Rip Hawkins—is only a year or two away; the corner linebackers are young and learning fast. Help could be well used in the secondary, where the addition of one good rookie like George Rose is not enough.

But with powerful running from Mason, Ted Dean, Tom Wilson, Bill Brown, Bill McWaters and Tom Michel, plus a pair of quarterbacks almost the match of any two in the West—Fran Tarkenton and Ron VanderKelen—the Vikings should move into the first division.

SUM-UP Two fine quarterbacks, good receivers, strong runners and a not-so-porous defense could lift the Vikings to the heady heights of third place.

LOS ANGELES RAMS

The Rams are an anomaly. In Bill Munson, they have the best rookie quarterback since their own Norm Van Brocklin; in Terry Baker, the best combination quarterback-halfback; and in Roman Gabriel, a starting quarterback with as good an arm as Y. A. Title. The Ram defensive line has the respect of all the offensive guards and tackles in the Western Division. But the Rams probably will finish last in the West this year.

They will give up too much to any team that can throw well, and all the teams in the West can throw well.

Coach Harland Svare has a curious team in the Rams. The offensive line is good but not great. The receivers are great—Red Phillips, Carroll Dale, rookie Willie Brown and converted linebacker Marlin McKeever. The Ram runners, with the return of dental student Ben Wilson at fullback, are pretty good. But behind them, the Rams are thin.

The defensive line is almost the model of a modern defense. Dave Jones and Lamar Lundy are skyscraping ends whose very size limits the field for an opposing quarterback. Merlin Olsen is probably the best defensive tackle in the league, save Detroit's Alex Karras. Rosey Grier weighs 290 and moves smartly. Olsen and Jones are slashers, Lundy and Grier wait and read, and this is what all coaches look for. The Rams will dump many quarterbacks for long losses.

But the Rams secondary will give up many long gains when the opposing quarterbacks stay erect long enough to throw the ball. Any team without a bomb shelter is in serious trouble.

SUM-UP The Rams' fine quarterbacks—with protection—would pass and score heavily. But the running backs are not big enough to consistently protect the quarterbacks or to crack opposing lines. The defense depends entirely on the front four, but the front four cannot drop back for pass coverage. The Rams will finish last, but last in the West will be very close to first.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

"Nobody seems to realize that only one club in our division starts the season with the equivalent of eight veteran first draft choices," a coach in the West said about the San Francisco 49ers early this year. "They finished last a year ago. They could finish first."

They won't, but still they cannot be judged by their abysmal 1963 record. The squad was hit hard by injuries—nine first-line players were out for most of the season. But even if the 49ers had not been splinted and bandaged, they were not a first-division team.

This year the 49ers are healthy and happy. Most of them disliked their rugged and demanding coach, Red Hickey, at the beginning of 1963. He quit in mid-season, and his replacement—Jack Christensen—was the players' choice.

"You can feel the difference," said John Brodie, whose passing arm seems entirely recovered after being broken twice in the same place last season. "We want to go. I think we have a chance."

Certainly the 49ers look like a better team. Behind Brodie is George Mira, who should certainly be the most exciting quarterback in the league. Brodie and Mira will throw to a group of receivers that includes Monty Stickles, Bernie Casey, Kay McFarland, rookie Dave Parks and Vern Burke. All can catch the ball well, but there are groups in the West who catch it better and run with it faster. The 49er running backs stand about halfway between the best and the worst. The offensive line will provide the runners with good holes and good protection.

The defensive secondary is fast and capable. Jim Johnson is a young Night Train Lane at corner back, and Kermit Alexander, Jerry Mertens and Elbert Kimbrough match the speed and quickness of the Bear safeties. Abe Woodson, at the other corner, is one of the rare players who has waterbug reflexes, greyhound speed and an appetite for tackling. Matt Hazeltine, a grossly underrated player anchors a good set of linebackers.

SUM-UP The 49ers are in better shape than they were a year ago. They should, given an even break, finish sixth this year; with luck, they could go higher. San Francisco is the dark horse of 1964.

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A Boot for Boston, a Chance for K.C.

With a fine line and a sharp Cookie, the Buffalo Bills should top the East. The Kansas City Chiefs, if they live up to promise, could surprise the San Diego Chargers right out of the championship **BY EDWIN SHRAKE**

BOSTON PATRIOTS

The Boston Patriots won a playoff game with Buffalo last year and as a reward got the Eastern title and the opportunity to be smashed by San Diego in the championship game. Such an embarrassment as the one in San Diego probably will be avoided by Boston this season, since the Patriots do not seem to have the weapons to repeat as Eastern champs.

A spinal disk operation that kept Halfback Ron Burton out of all 14 league games in 1963—although he did perform in the playoff and championship games—has left Burton a step slower and the Boston offense that much poorer. Without Burton, too much of a burden falls on Fullback Larry Garron and on Boston's defensive unit.

Quarterback Babe Parilli has been on the injured list almost as often as not, and sub Tom Yewcic receives a frightful boozing from Boston fans. The receivers

lack speed, although one of them, Gino Cappelletti (right), did much to put Boston into the championship game by kicking 22 field goals and leading the league in scoring.

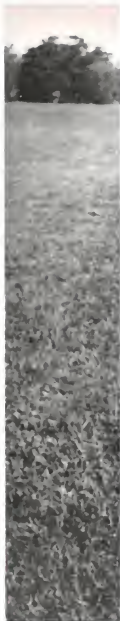
Defense is what carries the Patriots. Nick Buoniconti is an excellent linebacker, and Larry Eisenhauer is a top defensive end. Boston Coach Mike Holovak thinks Don Webb, recovered from a knee operation, can be the best corner back in the league. But Holovak must find a young tackle to rest veterans Bob Dee and Jesse Richardson.

SUM-UP Offensive weaknesses may wear out a good Boston defense.

BUFFALO BILLS

Buffalo Bills Owner Ralph Wilson has never kept a rubber band around his wallet when it comes to signing talent. As a result Buffalo has an offensive line

continued





that is the envy of the AFL. Slew Barber and Dick Hudson are the tackles. Billy Shaw and Dave Behrman are the guards, and Al Bemiller is the center, and there are some good rookies trying to break in. Injuries ripped the Bills last season, but with that offensive line in top physical condition to block for the remarkable fullback, Cookie Gilchrist, the Bills are very hard to stop.

Gilchrist also was slowed by various ailments last season. This year he is in such peak form that he has been asking to play on both offense and defense, as he did in Canada before moving on to the AFL. Wray Carlton, returned from an injury that kept him out last season, will be the other running back, although the swift Leroy Jackson could find steady employment at last as a sweep man. Ernie Warlick at tight end, Bill Miller at split end, and the dangerous deep threat, Elbert Dubenion, at flanker, give the Bills capable receiving. Rookie John Simmons, on the verge of being cut, suddenly blossomed during exhibition games.

Jack Kemp, who is sometimes very good and sometimes the opposite, will be the quarterback again. But Daryle Lamonica, a good deep thrower now in his second season, has the ability to step in when Kemp falters.

Defensive Tackle Tom Sestak is the AFL's best, and the other tackle, Jim Dunaway, is first-rate. Rookies Hatch Rosdahl and Tom Keating will join veterans Roland McDole and Tom Day to complete the up-front defense. Linebacking is fair. The main trouble is at corner back, where at least one rookie will start. The Bills are vulnerable to the bomb. But with Gilchrist operating behind that offensive line, Buffalo can control the ball.

SUM-UP Buffalo's first Eastern Division title is within reach.

HOUSTON OILERS

By dealing Quarterback Jack Lee to Denver, the Oiler management left Houston's fortune squarely in the hands of 37-year-old George Blanda, who needs only to twist a knee to turn the Oilers into the flops of the year. If Blanda can survive the vigorous blitzing that is a

defense's best weapon against him, the Oilers will be a challenging team. With Blanda out of the lineup, the Oilers would have to rely on rookie Don Trull. Potentially Trull is a very good quarterback, but the Oilers cannot win a championship with a rookie.

The Oilers need a running back who can go wide to keep the defenses from jamming inside. Billy Cannon, who may either be moved to fullback or traded (most likely destination: New York), is not that man. Rookie Ode Burrell was a possibility but may be out for the season with a leg injury. Another rookie, Sid Blanks, looks promising.

Houston's pass-blocking broke down last season but should improve. The receiving is excellent, with Charley Hennigan, Willard Dewveall and Bobby Janick, who was moved from defense, as the catchers.

Defensively the Oilers may suffer from a leg injury to Back Tony Banfield. Defensive Tackle Bud McFadin, who came from Denver in the Lee deal, has been outstanding but is too old now to play full time. But All-League Defensive End Don Floyd is back in good health after missing five games last season with a broken jaw, and prize rookie Scott Appleton ought to help.

Coach Sam Baugh must find some outside running and devise a way to get his rather slow guards out to the corners on sweeps. And he must keep Blanda on his feet or the Oilers will fall flat.

SUM-UP By one trade the Oilers went from probable to just barely possible.

NEW YORK JETS

At least the New York Jets now have a nice stadium to lose in. In the early days of the AFL New York was one of the league's three poor-boy franchises, did not bother to sign draft choices and had to play in the Polo Grounds. The new ownership is willing to spend money on players and promotion, has moved into Shea Stadium and reports a leap in season-ticket sales. But the Jets are still in dreary shape on the field. They need nearly everything, but they especially need a quarterback.

The Jets shocked the AFL in the last draft meeting by passing up Miami's

George Mira, the obvious selection both as a gate-builder and as a quarterback. The other AFL clubs kept sitting and waiting for the Jets to pick Mira, but Coach Weeb Ewbank had other ideas and stood pat with 1963 future draft choices Mike Taliaferro and Pete Liske instead. Those two entered the job struggle with the fragile Dick Wood. Bake Turner and Don Maynard are good deep receivers when Wood has time to wind up and throw them the ball. But the Jets have no running game to balance their offense. Even if the Jets succeed in trading for Houston's Billy Cannon, there are too many weaknesses.

A wholesale trade with Denver brought in Tight End Gene Prebola, Linebacker Wahoo McDaniel and Safety Bob Zeman, among others. McDaniel, who wrestles under the name Chief Wahoo, was the key man as far as New York is concerned and will help Larry Grantham improve the defense somewhat.

SUM-UP New setting, same old show.

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

In the Western Division the question that faces Coach Sid Gillman and his Chargers is: What can they do for an encore? The Chargers crushed Boston 51-10 in last year's championship game, and there is a sneaking fear San Diego may really be that much better than most of the other teams in the AFL. "Nonsense," says Gillman. "That score is not indicative of how we stand with the rest of the league. But we are a young team with good backs like Keith Lincoln [right], Paul Lowe and Lance Alworth, and ought to get better and better and better each year." If the Chargers improve very much, they are in the wrong league.

Gillman has three worries—health, incentive and Tobin Rote. Since the Chargers began on a strength program supervised by Alvin Roy, who put in the weights for Paul Dietzel at LSU, injuries have been at a minimum. Incentive may be more difficult. Several of the Chargers are notoriously temperamental and are coming off a very fat year, although the pace in training camp gave no indication of a loss in spirit. With Rote, though, there is genuine concern.

continued



Toward the end of last season the 36-year-old quarterback was sorely pained in the elbow of his throwing arm and kept the elbow in a cast for six weeks early this year. Rote's arm was bothering him again during exhibition season, and the quarterback job may go to John Hadl, who is throwing the ball farther and more accurately than ever before but still has to prove that he is accurate enough.

Other than at quarterback, the Chargers' offensive weapons are solid. In 212-pound Fullback Lincoln and 205-pound Halfback Lowe, San Diego has two runners with the speed and power to break up a game. Flanker Lance Alworth is exceptionally fast and sure-handed, although he has not yet learned the moves that could make him one of the best receivers in either league. Split End Don Norton is a fine one, and the offensive line—anchored by mighty Tackle Ron Mix—is of good quality, though perhaps a bit thin at guard.

Defensively the Chargers can be fierce when 299-pound Tackle Ernie Ladd and 262-pound End Earl Faison are in the mood to play up to potential. But the San Diego defense is not consistent.

"If we don't win the championship again it will have to be because of injuries, and the injuries will have to be to key people," said Lincoln. "The only way to play the Chargers is to gamble," said a rival AFL coach. "Nobody can oppose their strength vs. strength." Fortunately for the rest of the AFL, there is no rule that says you must run straight at the Chargers.

SUM-UP The best team in the league if Rote's arm holds up—but a big if.

OAKLAND RAIDERS

The Oakland Raiders were the wonders of pro football last season. Manned mostly by players who had been waived or traded from other teams, the Raiders did not figure to be much better than the team that had lost 25 of its 28 games in 1961 and 1962. But under the direction of 35-year-old Coach-General Manager Al Davis the Raiders rose to a 10-4 record, second only to San Diego's 11-3. Oakland pulled an ambush that is not likely to be repeated.

Some AFL coaches complained loudly that Davis, who had first crack at NFL rejects, kept as many as 50 players at a time away from other teams that might have wanted them. However, what contributed most to Oakland's startling success was not Davis' stinginess with player lists, it was the phenomenal output by two players—Split End Art Powell and Running Back Clemon Daniels. Davis moved Powell back and forth from the flank to a slot-back position to confuse defenses, and Powell responded by catching 73 passes for 1,304 yards and 16 touchdowns. Daniels, a 220-pounder with the speed of a sprinter, rushed for 1,099 yards and a 5.1 average. Powell, who has a reputation for being difficult to handle, had played out his option with New York and had come close to signing a contract with Buffalo before he jumped to Oakland. Daniels had been released by the Kansas City Chiefs. Of such is Davis' roster made.

But the talent on the Raiders' roster drops sharply after Powell and Daniels. Quarterback Tom Flores, who missed the 1962 season because of a lung ailment, completed only 45% of his passes, although 20 went for touchdowns. The other quarterback, Cotton Davidson, has been an in-and-out, but he was superb in two Raider victories over San Diego. The offensive line has been helped by trades and does have the redoubtable Jim Otto at center. The defense began to sputter toward the end of the season—giving up 90 points in the final two games, both of which Oakland was fortunate enough to win. This defense has been shored up somewhat but is still far from solid. Rookie Running Back Tony Lorick seems to have been lost to Baltimore in a contract battle. Oakland will depend once more on Daniels and on Powell, who wants to jump again, this time to Buffalo, and reported late to camp to prove it. Both men are likely to run into loaded defenses.

SUM-UP Seldom have so many owed so much to so few.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

The Kansas City Chiefs are the second-best team in the league and are very close to being the best, although for much of

the 1963 season they certainly did not play like it. The reasons for the Chiefs' collapse last year after winning the AFL championship in 1962 are several, but probably the most important was the shift of the franchise from Dallas to Kansas City. Several of the Chiefs' key players—most notably, Running Back Abner Haynes, Fullback Jack Spikes, Defensive Tackle Jerry Mays, Linebackers Sherrill Headrick and E. J. Holub, Flanker Frank Jackson, Safety Bobby Ply and Offensive Tackle Jerry Cornelison (who retired rather than move)—are native Texans who made no secret of their resentment over being transplanted. A year, however, has healed most of those wounds. The Chiefs are big and fast and in much better spirits and are the only team in the Western Division—perhaps the only team in the league—that can challenge the domination of San Diego.

For the Chiefs to be as good as they can be, the elusive Haynes will have to be as good as he can be. Haynes was three times All-League running back, but last season he was almost useless. The death of Haynes' friend, rookie Stone Johnson, after an exhibition game was partly to blame for Abner's doldrums as was his fretting over leaving his home town, Dallas. "But the thing that was primarily wrong with Abner was our blocking," said Chiefs' Coach Hank Stram. Haynes was switched to flanker in training camp this year. By the time the league season begins, Haynes will be a running back again and, Stram hopes, in his old form. With Haynes as the outside threat, and Spikes and 232-pound Curtis McClinton (*right*) running inside, the Chiefs are dangerous on the ground. Their offensive line is built around 260-pound Guard Ed Budde and 290-pound Tackle Jim Tyrer. The piqued veteran, Cornelison, has returned for another try. Split End Chris Burford and Tight End Fred Arbanas may be the league's best at their positions, although Burford had a knee operation during the exhibition season. Len Dawson is a good enough quarterback to have won a championship and will be pushed hard this year by Eddie Wilson and rookie Pete Beathard—the deepest quarterback situation in the AFL.

Defensively the Chiefs are strong. Stram likes them to stunt in and out of a three-man front anchored by 276-pound Tackle Buck Buchanan, All-League End Mel Branch, and last year's Co-Captain

Mays, with Bobby Bell dropping off to become a fourth linebacker. The Chiefs can be driven out of that defense, but their more conservative formations are effective enough. The secondary, led by the underrated Johnny Robinson, is quick and gives good pass-coverage. The main trouble last year was morale. If morale is up, the only thing that can keep the Chiefs down is San Diego, and even the Chargers may not be able to.

SUM-UP The Chiefs could be headed toward another AFL championship.

DENVER BRONCOS

The first thing Denver Coach Jack Faulkner had to do to keep the Broncos from being the worst team in the league again was to persuade General Manager Jack Faulkner to find a quarterback someplace. So the Broncos made offers to nearly everybody in the country who can throw a spiral and even appealed to AFL Commissioner Joe Foss to urge some of the richer teams to shake loose a good man. The result was that Denver got the very man Faulkner wanted—Jacky Lee from Houston—on a two-year lend-lease. Faulkner and several other AFL coaches think Lee has the best arm in the league. Before getting Lee, the Broncos would have been lucky to win a game. With Lee, Denver can present a creditable and troublesome offense that could pull the Broncos off the bottom.

Lee will have a superb target in Lionel Taylor, who has averaged 87 pass receptions per season in his four AFL years. Fullback Billy Joe, 248-pounder who was Rookie of the Year last season, has improved his pass-blocking. Halfback Charlie Mitchell has fine breakaway speed, and Gene Mingo is an excellent field-goal kicker. Defensively, Denver will suffer a bit from giving up Tackle Bud McFadin in the Lee deal, but Faulkner has made mass trades that should help—including getting Corner Back Willie West to assist Austin Gonsoulin in pass coverage. The Broncos, however, went two years without signing an important draft choice and are not a solid club.

SUM-UP Lee will save the Broncos from disaster, but success is far away. **END**



Green Bay Blocks to Win

Shock troopers of the Packer offense, Guards Jerry Kramer and Fuzzy Thurston are its indispensable men. In words and pictures Sports Illustrated delineates the arts of pro football's mightiest blockers

BY MORTON H. SHARNIK



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RANDVILLE

THREE-POINT STANCE Perfectly balanced to explode ahead, pull out or hold against a pass rush, Kramer lines up with right foot back, head up, weight forward, back level,

So rich is pro football in spectacular passing and thunderous running that its other rewards often are only dimly perceived. Jim Taylor hits the line for Green Bay; everybody sees and appreciates. The wise spectator sees more because he looks for more. He pays particular attention to a certain beat-up and belligerent lineman when he senses, as in the illustration at the left, for the snap of the ball. And when he sees that man coming out mean and hard, leading a running play as in the picture at the right, he is prepared to savor the superb block that will surely follow.

The player is Jerry Kramer, Packer right guard and the best blocker on the finest blocking team in the game. Nearly as valuable is his teammate at left guard, Fred Thurston. Together they are the spectator's key to the Packer offense. "The guards," says Coach Vince Lombardi, a man who got to know the position himself as one of Fordham's famous Blocks of Granite, "are the focal point of the offense. Everything they do is critical. They open the holes for the quick openers, break the way for the sweeps and bodyguard the passer."

In photographs and drawings on the following pages Kramer and Thurston demonstrate the blocking techniques that are as vital to the Packers as the more showy wizardry of Hornung, Taylor and Starr but are too often missed by the spectator in his concentration on the men with the glamour. In the text that follows Kramer and Thurston take the reader on an inside tour of their special and ferocious world.

Kramer, a cheerful, blond giant and biggest man on the Green Bay line (6 feet 3, 255 pounds) has a youthful charm disconcerting in a man so large. Off the field, that is. On it he is lethal. "Nothing intimidates him," Lombardi has written. "He not only ignores the

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



Pain-clearing blocks by Packer End Ron Kramer (88) and Guard Jerry Kramer (64) eliminate Detroit linebackers (57 and 56) as Guard Fuzzy Thurston (93) convoys ballcarrier Tom Moore to a touchdown.





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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

small hurts, but the large ones, too. And the evidence of his indifference is all over his body."

In the affectionately rough banter of the Packer locker room Kramer is Old Zipperhead; he has a six-inch scar on his neck as the result of an operation for a chipped vertebra. His right hand is permanently half-clenched as the consequence of a shotgun accident. His ankle has been broken and for a time was held together by a two-inch pin. He once played despite the misery of a detached retina.

Thurston, smaller but chunkier (6 feet 1, 245 pounds), is the gloomier chaser of the Packer training table and one of the team's iron men. He has not missed a game in five years.

Every move Kramer and Thurston make begins from the three-point stance. With feet spread 20 inches apart, the toes of the right foot even with the left arch and weight forward on the knuckles, they are in perfect position to pull quickly on a sweep or trap play, to explode ahead on a quick opener or to stand their ground against a pass rush.

"Strangely enough," says Kramer, "the most difficult thing for a guard to find a comfortable stance. After seven years in the pros my body should fall into position the first time a whistle blows in training camp. For some reason it doesn't. It takes six weeks to get the stance so that it feels right.

"And it has to be right. Shrewd defensive tackles—especially old ones with bad legs but plenty of savvy—are always looking for tip-offs. If I unconsciously reveal my intention of, say, pulling for a sweep, I can forget about it. I won't be going anywhere. The tackle will grab my jersey and anchor me. If necessary he'll tackle me. It's not legal, of course, but it's smart football and more often than not he can get away with it."

As Lombardi affirms, guards are notorious tippers of plays because of the nature of their jobs. Kramer, however, is not only an expert at concealing his intentions but is himself a keen "reader" of the opposition.

"There are two kinds of rushers," he says. "The impatient type is going to bust in head on the instant the play begins. The cautious type pauses for a second to try to diagnose the play before committing himself."

"I have learned that the second type



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—the reader—varies the position of his feet, depending on whether he is going to move inside or outside.

"If there is a linebacker in the gap [the space between defensive linemen] then it's the hands I watch. If he has his weight on his knuckles then he'll probably shoot the gap. That is a sign for me to get out in a hurry, perhaps even anticipate the snap by a split second if my assignment is to pull."

There are times when the rusher comes in so fast and follows Kramer so closely that there is no simple way of keeping him out of the play. "When it is a trap play," he says, "there is nothing to be done. I let the rusher go and hope the quarterback will be quick enough to get away or have time to hand off to an alternate ball carrier. If it is a sweep, I might call out to Forrest Gregg, the tackle beside me, 'You go,' and let him lead the interference while I take the charger."

Unlike Kramer, Fuzzy Thurston does not try to read the defensive charge. "I play percentages," he says, "and let Jerry do the reading. For instance, on pass rushes, players have a tendency to go either inside or out most of the time. I know from experience which to expect and concentrate on."

"At pass blocking," says Kramer, "Fuzzy hasn't a peer." An opponent complains, "I just can't shake that man. He's like a kid brother—always in the way."

Thurston places pass rushers in two categories: bulls and dancers. He says, "The bulls you pop [uncol from the three-point stance upward into the defender's chest or chin, head up and forearms working]. They usually head straight in on the passer so you move them to the outside by keeping low with your feet spread wide and with your back to the passer."

"With the dancers you can't commit yourself too soon. What you do is fake and dance with them until they have to make their move. Then you hit."

"Some of the bulls," says Kramer, "are just too big to handle with a normal pass block. Big John Baker [Pittsburgh's 270-pound defensive end] likes to run over pass blockers. The pass block is too passive to handle him, so I drive-block to get momentum and even things up." Kramer and Thurston agree that the Rams' Merlin Olsen, the Giants' John Lovetere, the Bears' Stan Jones

continued



DRIVE BLOCK "The name of the game is fire," Kramer says. Exploding at the defender, he jabs with his left foot, thuds his helmet into the numerals and drives him straight back. The ball carrier has no set hole but heads for daylight.



PASS BLOCK Having made contact, Thurston retreats, sets, then uncolls again at the rusher. He does this again and again until Starr throws. "You must keep your arms and legs pumping," he says, "or the rusher will grab you and slip by."



PULLING FOR A SWEEP As Thurston (63) pulls to his right, the quarterback (12) moves away from scrimmage line preparing

to hand off. Kramer, at the other guard, has pulled out simultaneously, and Packer tackle (75) is blocking defender out of play.



CROSS-BODY BLOCK After making contact Thurston pivots and whips his body across the defender's belt line. The cross-body is used when a normal pass block fails. Thurston stopped New York's Dick Modzelewski with it in 1962 title game.

and the Lions' Roger Brown are the National Football League's best and toughest bulls.

Artie Donovan of Baltimore was a dancing master. "I never touched him the first time I played against him," Kramer says. "I felt like Ned getting his first look at the Third Reader. He'd give me a shake right, a shake left and be past. Then Ray Krouse came in and gave me the same stuff, so I leg-whipped him. Krouse spent the rest of the afternoon coming at me all arms and elbows. That was fine by me. I didn't have to worry about him getting to the passer." Both Kramer and Thurston regard Detroit's Alex Karras, the huge defensive tackle returning this year after a season's suspension, as the best pass rusher in football. He is a maddening dancer with the strength of a bull.

If Kramer seldom deceives Karras into mistakes he frequently does so with less canny defenders. "The first time I tried to fool somebody in this league," he says, "I was in my second year. Late in a game with Washington I conned Bob Tonnell, their left tackle. I kicked the mud out of my cleats and dug in as if to bust right through him. He figured



THE SWEEP UNFOLDS Kramer and Thurston run brushing cover for ball carrier Elijah Pitts, who can elect to keep running

or to pass. When the defense spots pulling guards it is alerted to the probability of the sweep. Pass-run option keeps it guessing.

the play for a run, so he submarined. I fell on top of him laughing like mad. 'Hey Toneff,' I yelled, 'I was only fooling. It's a pass, a pass.' By that time, of course, it was too late for him to do anything about it.

"Once in a game with Dallas I was pretty badly fooled myself. My man was a real humpy-dumpy, but in the third quarter he made an unexpected move and conned me. I couldn't let him get by. Fuzzy would never have let me forget it. I grabbed him, held him by the jersey and kept him away from the passer. That was one of the few times I've held, and I got away with it. The guy turned to me and said, 'What did you do that for? Only time I beat you all day and you had to go and hold me.' "

Needless to say, Kramer and Thurston are magnificent trappers and pullers. On the majority of Packer running plays either or both guards pull or trap—and Green Bay is the runningest team in pro football.

Kramer has been notably less successful with a scheme that he has been trying to pop past Lombardi. "Every year," he says, "I ask Vince Lombardi to switch me to defensive tackle. He never answers me." **END**



FIELD-GOAL BLOCK Kramer, knowing he can give no ground, lines up with his feet widely spaced, set to dig in. He half straightens at the snap, with knees flexed, head up, fists clenched and mighty forearms poised to repulse defenders' charge.

"I am not a gunpowder general," said the handsome Mexican officer who was the top-shin jumper in the 1948 Olympics. "I never shot a gun. I never fought in a war." Last week, however, all that had changed. Finding himself an one of those traffic elashes that so frequently explode in the thin air of Mexico City, Brigadier General Humberto Martines jumped out of his car, aimed his gun and fired, thereby starting a small war of his own. "We nearly crashed because of this man's reckless driving," was the way the general described the altercation. "We exchanged a few hot words, and then he pulled out some kind of a steel bar and tried to hit me. In defense of my life, I pulled out my gun and shot him. That was all." But it wasn't. The man, a bricklayer, died 10 days later, and now General Humberto Martines is hiding out. No one knows where.

While CBS was capturing baseball's Yankees, ABC reached out and grabbed basketball's Lakers. Or two of them, and

why. Temporarily short of tall monsters to appear in a far-out fall series called *The Outer Limits*, the network commissioned towering centers **LaRoy Ellis** and **Gene Wiley** to suit up in masks, claws and webfeet and make like fast-breaking creatures from Mars or maybe NBC.

Lashing winds, fog and knee-deep snow thwarted their climb 2,000 feet short of the top of the 14,701-foot Matterhorn, but Defense Secretary **Robert McNamara** (defeat, his wife **Margaret**, and their 14-year-old son, **Robert Craig**, had a good time anyhow. "You know why we like mountain climbing so much?" asked Mrs. McNamara. "Because it is one of the rare occasions when we can be completely alone and be a real family." "You know what I like best about mountain climbing?" asked her husband, who missed a chance at another summit when L. B. I. told him he couldn't be VP. "It's coming down."

Any day now **Lawrence B. Sheppard** of the Hanover Shoe Farms will be Moscow-bound to pack

out the seven undesignated harness horses the Russians promised in trade for the famed Apex Hanover. And the U.S.S.R. had better watch out. Crusty old Shep, who may be the toughest horse trader since David Harum, has already haggled with the Government of the United States, the State of New York, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (SL June 5, 1961), *The Wall Street Journal* and the AFL-CIO, and he has never come out second best.

A proper skipper should go down with his ship, but His Highness **Prince Karim Aga Khan** is not that proper. When he rammed his 72-foot yacht *Arabian* into a rock off the Sardinian coast, he ordered his guests, **Princess Margaret** and her husband, the **Duke of Snowdon**, to jump overboard into a bobbing rubber raft. Then, as the \$200,000 vessel foundered helplessly, the Aga jumped after the royal pair, and all three paddled the raft to the island of Minorca, which lay a good 75 yards away. "There was," came the formal word from Buckingham Palace, "no cause for anxiety."

Many U.S. voters may react favorably to the persuasive oratory of **Hubert Humphrey**, but there is one man who refuses to be swayed. He is Humphrey's chauffeur. No matter what the man from Minnesota says about his favorite baseball team, the Twins, his driver remains loyal to Gil Hedges and the Washington Senators.

When the new Santa Clara County (Calif.) youth counselor turned aside to make a phone call the other day, two juvenile delinquents in his charge decided to lam out of there. They did not get far. The new counselor happens to be a chap by the name of **Dan Borden** who, back in 1957, became the first American ever to run a four-minute mile.

Raising quarter horses receiving TV **Queenmaker Meri Griffin** a

small fortune in vintage champagne. Not that Meri's lovely coils themselves like bubbly so much—they just keep jumping over the fence to graze on a neighbor's cornfield. And every time they do it, Breeder Griffin has to get up the champagne by way of apology. Score up to him, four cases.

Any good Southern Conference football coach is keeping his eye open for promising recruits these days, but Furman's **Bob King** seems doomed to disappointment. What Bob wants is a horse to match his school colors, which are purple and white. "But," he sighed hopelessly, "there just aren't many purple horses around."

Like good elderly Huck Finns, Nebraska Governor **Frank Morrison** and Missouri Governor **John Dalton** headed down the rocky Missouri River to explore its nooks and crannies. They were not looking for pirate gold, however, but for sites to build marinas. "There is no question," said Governor Morrison, as he stepped ashore at Kansas City after the 200-mile voyage, "that the Missouri will someday become to the Midwest what the Rhine has been to Europe."

Out of ear but not on a full pommel, former Red Sox slugger **Ted Williams** left the hospital to go to his cottage on the Miramichi River in Canada. "The doctors have told me I can fish," said the 47-year-old athlete, who is recovering from a back injury. "I can't step around on those rocks like nothing ever happened, but I'll be O.K. They say I have the body of a 21-year-old, and by November I will be able to play golf again."

"I've everywhere I went the men asked two questions," reported Penn State Coach **Rip Engle** after an Armed Forces football-clinic tour of the Far East. "One was 'What do they think of this war back home', the other was 'What about topless bathing suits?'"



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*If you can't beat them,
get them to join you*

That was the Ford idee at Milwaukee. With top Indy drivers behind the Detroit product, the oldtime Offenhausers were all the way out

Milwaukee, a fortnight ago, was in the grip of a late summer frenzy, a happy state that has become seasonally habitual. The poxilated burghers caromed from baseball to football to rodeo to auto racing and generally stored up enough excitement to last until Christmas, or at least until everybody found his own car in the parking lots. In the space of a few days, the Green Bay Packers fought the Chicago Bears, the Milwaukee Braves fought Philadelphia and four rodeo cowboys—with the glass and chairs flying—fought a few of the locals in a fair stand. Toward the end of the excitement a tornado came through and blew down a subdivision in a nearby community.

But for 38,456 Milwaukeeans at the fairgrounds, the climactic moment came at the finish of the 200-mile championship big-car race, run on a track around the outside of the rodeo arena. The record crowd knew it had seen a historic breakthrough in auto racing. With triumphant ease, the Ford Motor Company crushed all competition and ended—perhaps forever—the domination of the field by the glamorous but ancient Offenhauser front-engine roadster. To be sure, this was a moment everyone had known was coming. Most, in fact, had expected it earlier at the Indianapolis 500-mile race in May, for Ford engines and Lotus-Ford cars had won before Jimmy Clark won the Milwaukee race last year in a Lotus. But never had they won with such planned, going-away ease. The company broke through this time with a dazzling combustion of engine and chassis, which it has had all along, and something new: a corporate shutout accomplished by hiring two of the top drivers in the country it has not been able to beat any other way.

Race morning was like a company picnic in Dearborn. There on the front row of starters sat Ford-powered Rodger Ward in the outside pole, a spot he favors, Ford-powered Bobby Marshman was inside on the fifth row, within easy striking distance. Smack in the front row, No. 1 pole spot crouched a Lotus-Ford and in it was Rufus Parnell Jones, who had been called one of the last defenders of Offenhauser's old guard. And who was that in the inside position on the second row, tamped, squeezed and crammed into another Lotus-Ford? It was the last of the old guard. A. J. Foyt.

It was a tableau calculated to warm the heart of any motor executive who ever prated top talent away from another firm—and just inside the track Ford officials stood several deep trying to look like spectators. Still further infield bulldozing steers looked out through the slatted fences, and on the top rail sat a line of cowboys who had the day off for the races. The cowboys wore ten-gallon hats, and the Ford people wore smiles of about the same capacity.

The race was a runaway. It rained intermittently through the day—when it did not rain the water just hung there in the air—and Parnelli Jones and Rodger Ward toyed with the field of old-style roadsters, finishing in one-two order. They paid fines later for not slowing down enough when the caution light was on. In their defense, the race was not always handled as neatly as it might have been, and their minor poaching did not affect the outcome of the race. For Jones it was a record average speed of 104.54 mph, and from the 104th lap until No. 200 he drove just fast enough to twice lap Ward and to easily lead everybody else. "Oh, I had her about halfway out

continued

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there," he said, "and the harder I ran her the better she went. There was still plenty of car left." It was Jones's first championship victory since he won the Indy 500 in 1963, and he spoke up right away on the future. "I am through with being a test driver for cars that don't work," said Jones. "I am definitely going to run me one of these things at Indy next year."

A. J. Foyt and Marshman dropped out of the action early; Marshman on the 39th lap when his engine burst. Foyt did not last that long. He made one fast circuit of the track and pulled back into the pits, pointing out in his own forceful manner that life for him would be considerably improved if he could get the car from second into high gear. The Lotus-Ford pit crew in green coveralls and fantastically long haircuts—they are the Beatles of racing—urged him out again, but on the second lap Foyt angrily pulled into the infield (thereby disqualifying himself), still in second gear. But Foyt's anger remained focused on the crew—not the car.

Smoking an executive cigar on the sidelines and so confident over the day's doings that he was not wearing a belt to hold his pants up was Leo C. Beebe, newly appointed special-vehicles manager of Ford. "We knew," he puffed, "this day was coming." It was just a ease, he indicated, of bringing industry weight down in the right places. "We kind of backed into this victory," said Beebe. "With Jim Clark and Dan Gurney off in Europe we had these two cars available. Our signing Parnelli Jones and A. J. Foyt was a last-minute arrangement."

It was so last-minute, in fact, that another temporary driver, Walt Hansgen, had first been signed to drive Gurney's blue-and-white Lotus in the race. But in practice he slammed it into the wall and reduced it to a pile of struts and pieces, escaping with injuries that were neither minor nor serious. Since there are no garage facilities at the Milwaukee fairgrounds, Ford crewmen took the scraps to a borrowed garage across town—a kind of Gasoline Alley East—and made a new car out of two old ones. They worked all night on the project, team Lotus signed Foyt to a quick, on-the-spot contract and before the race the Texan had time for only a few practice laps. He had no practice at all in getting in and out of the low-hung car. For Foyt,

who is about 200 pounds and built along the lines of Smokey the Bear, this was tougher than driving it. But he got the message.

"You know," said Foyt from his psychiatrist-couch position in the car, "this is the time for me to try something like this. I've got this year's driving championship won on points anyway and can fool around a little. My mechanic, George Bignotti, and I might buy one of these things and campaign on our own next year. We could be our own sponsors."

Ford spokesmen admitted they would like some sort of arrangement where the two old off men joined them instead of fought them. "We like Foyt and respect him," said Beebe. "We'd like to make a deal with him so that he would be driving our equipment."

There is no doubt that next year the automobile world will be changed as a result of the Milwaukee race. Ford's racing engine is more than the oldtime Offies can handle, and now the company is working on a new model. Chrysler is said to be ready with something new and fiercely competitive, too. All these cars will be rear-engined.

Ford has not officially announced it yet, but England's Colin Chapman, the graying genius who builds the Lotus chassis for Ford, has been signed to a contract for another year. It is, says Beebe, an improved arrangement under which Chapman will manage the company's racing activities in this division. "We have had our difficulties," said Beebe, "but it is our intent to stay together and seek an orderly approach to racing next year."

England's Chapman has two things going for him: 1) he builds about the best race cars extant, and 2) he looks, acts and talks a lot like David Niven, which gives the sport a certain touch of twenty class. His two cars in the Milwaukee race will be up for sale after the 200-mile race September 27 in Trenton, N.J.—and, in case you haven't guessed which company has first option to buy them, it is Ford. All of this means Jones and Foyt will likely be driving used Lotuses ("More than one of these things," cracked Jones, "and you call them Lot!") on next year's circuit. Clark and Gurney will be in new models, and racing is certain to be faster than ever before. Foyt's "dinosaur," the front-engine car he drove to victory at Indianapolis, is headed for the hall-of-fame museums at the Speedway.

END

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It Was Sire and Son Day at Saratoga

When Bold Lad ran away with the Hopeful, Bold Ruler earned fresh laurels as a father of champions

After his track-record, seven-length victory in last week's Hopeful at Saratoga, the Wheatley Stable's Bold Lad most deservedly rates nomination as the best 2-year-old in America and as an early favorite for the 1965 Kentucky Derby. This son of Bold Ruler, out of the equally brilliant Princequillo mare Misty Morn, astounded a crowd of 20,702 by the facility with which he ran away from a worthy field—a field that included, in the order of their finish behind him, Native Charger, Time Tested, Turn to Reason and O'Hara. He broke Hail to Reason's track mark of 1:16 by two-fifths of a second in winning his sixth race in eight starts (in the other two he was second). Everything about this perfectly formed chestnut of 16 hands exudes superiority.

There are, of course, many major stakes ahead: the futurities at Arlington Park, Aqueduct and Pimlico, the Cowdin, the Champagne and the Garden State. In addition, others besides his beaten Hopeful field will want to take a crack at Bold Lad before conceding the 2-year-old crown. This is a season in which the crop of good ones may be short in quantity but is above par in quality. Among those based in Saratoga who missed the Hopeful but who cannot be counted out are Cornish Prince (another son of Bold Ruler), New Act and Groton. Still another Bold Ruler colt named Neke was a midsummer flash in California, while Bosun and Sadair seem to be the best in New Jersey. In Chicago, Royal Gunner, I'm Nashville, Umbrella Fella and Tom Rolfe are the class in the Sept. 12 Arlington-Washington Futurity.

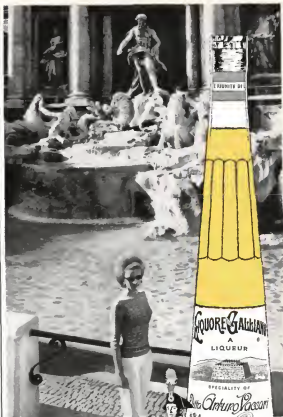
Still to be heard from are dozens of unraced youngsters whose owners and trainers are playing the waiting game—waiting, that is, for the fall and winter racing with their fresh stock. Their strategy is to aim for the 3-year-old classics in 1965.

One of those biding his time is a colt at Saratoga named Rameses. When the vets suggested he should be rested for three months, his owner, John Galbreath, decided six months would be better. If Rameses gets to a stakes race this fall it will not be before the Pimlico Futurity in late November, but he will be watched very closely, for he happens to be a full brother to Kentucky Derby winner Chateaugay.

While decisive evidence on champions among the 2-year-olds is still to come, the big talk at every U.S. track and in every tackroom this year revolves around Bold Ruler, whom many now consider the best sire since Calumet's famed Bull Lea. Owner Howell Jackson, who has had so much success racing abroad, may have had something when he jokingly said to Ogden Phipps and Mrs. Henry C. Phipps recently, "Your stallion [Bold Ruler] is going to break up the game in America." In the Saratoga paddock last week another owner looked at Bold Lad and then at the knot of Phippses of all ages and cracked, "Owning too many horses by one stallion can often be dangerous, but owning too many Bold Rulers is like having too much money." As the racing world and the financial world now know, the Phippses are guilty on both counts.

Racing, however, is built around controversy, and some of the sport's most knowledgeable students are not ready to admit that the verdict on Bold Ruler as a sire is in. One trainer says flatly, "Bold Ruler won't make it. His get are better at 2 than at 3. The 3s are better than the 4s, and at 4 what is there of his that has been a valuable addition to the handicap division? Only one of the first crop, Lamb Chop [who was fatally injured at Santa Anita last winter], proved that Bold Ruler could sire a distance runner. And one Lamb Chop doesn't make a sire." There is a certain amount of truth in this. Bold Ruler himself was not a truly classic horse, although he did win at a mile and a quarter. He will go down as one of the finest middle-distance horses to race in America. "With his weight up," his regular jockey, Eddie Arcaro, used to say,

continues



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"This horse could accelerate faster than any horse I ever rode or saw."

Bold Ruler, by the temperamental but vastly successful sire Nasrullah, wanted to do only one thing as a racer, says John Fitzsimmons, son of Sunny Jim, who developed and trained him to win 23 of 33 races and \$764,204 from 1956 through 1958. "He wanted only to run, and not to be rated. He was ailing for most of his career with a form of arthritis, and he often ran purely on heart—which is what he seems to be passing on now to his sons and daughters." With only three crops of offspring represented thus far, Bold Ruler has sired a phenomenal 17 stakes winners, and all of his get together have won nearly \$2 million. Unlike most top stallions, who customarily produce either good colts or good fillies but seldom an abundance of both, Bold Ruler has been successful with both sexes. In addition to Bold Lad, his outstanding colts include Chieftain, Ornamento and Bold Commander; on the distaff side there have been, besides Lamb Chop, Batteur, Beautiful Day, Speedwell, the current 2-year-olds Queen Empress and Bold Experience and one who may be the best of the lot named Terentia. With the exception of Lamb Chop, none of these has yet proved, or had the chance to prove, that he or she is a true stayer. "In other words," says one of Wheatley Trainer Bill Winfrey's rivals, "the Bold Rulers are knocking us dead now, but are they going to hold up or just be good milers?"

A change of mares

Owner Phipps and Arthur B. (Bull) Hancock, at whose Claiborne Farm Bold Ruler stands to serve a predominantly Phipps-owned band of broodmares, have one good reason for confidence in Bold Ruler's ability to sire stayers as well as sprinters. "In his first couple of seasons at stud, Bold Ruler was bred to many speed mares," says Phipps, "and you wouldn't necessarily expect that they would develop into distance horses." Bull Hancock adds, "This is definitely not the case anymore."

Bold Ruler's status may still be uncertain, but there was a fair amount of finality about the statement by winning Jockey Braulio Baeza after the Hopeful. Cracking ever so slightly the stone-faced expression he perpetually wears, Baeza said, "Bold Lad might be the best horse I have ever been on."

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WALTER KROSS JR.

Friday Macklem, the equipment manager of the Detroit Lions, was waiting by my locker. "Two hours to go," he said. I was about to find out what it felt like to quarterback a professional football team in an actual game. I was going to do it without much confidence, not being a football player but a writer, a weekend athlete who had been a lanky and ineffective end 15 years before, playing haphazardly and never proficiently

enough to make a first team. But it was worth recording, perhaps, what would happen to the amateur inserted in the world of the professional. My participation had been arranged with the Detroit Lions. In late July last year, I arrived along with the new crop of rookies for three weeks of preseason workouts at the Lion training camp at Cranbrook, a Michigan boys' school. I had hoped to preserve the fiction that I had enjoyed experience as a quarterback—on a semi-

pro team known as the Newfoundland Newfs—but a few clumsy maneuvers on the practice field had given me away. Yet I had tried, never treating the opportunity flippantly, and I had prepared intently, learning a series of plays that I would call in the big intrasquad scrimmage in Pontiac, Mich. A large crowd would be on hand, Friday told me, overflowing the stadium to get a first look of the year at the Lions, particularly the new rookies.



As a football player, the zero wedged unheroically at left between the broad backs of Nick Pietrosante (33) and Jim Gibbons (80) of the Detroit Lions is a nothing who even keeps his helmet on because it hurts his ears to pull it off. He is the author, and he is about to take the field for the climax of what began as no more than a Walter Mitty daydream. He had long wondered—as has every follower of the sport—what it would feel like to quarterback a professional football team. Sports Illustrated approached the Detroit Lions, who were willing to oblige him before several thousand fans in their big preseason scrimmage. What follows is his account of the smashing career of the most naïve, inept, befuddled, tolerated and unnerfed quarterback that pro football has ever known

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

ZERO OF THE LIONS

"They're going to see some strange ones out there," Friday said, looking at me. He handed me my game jersey of tearaway material, in the deep blue of Detroit—Honolulu blue, it was called—with my number in silver, which was 0, on both the back and front and on the sleeves.

"You feel all right?" he asked.

"Oh sure," I said, I sat down on the bench and took off my street shoes, setting them carefully in the locker. The

plan was to dress at the training camp and ride in game uniform to Pontiac, a half-hour trip by bus, rather than change in the stadium there.

"You better jump to it," Friday said. "Most everyone's dressed."

Sam Williams, who was a first-string defensive end, came by, and looked down my aisle of lockers. "Nerves?" he asked. "How are the nerves?"

"Well, I've got them, Sam," I said. "I feel them in the stomach."

He was in his fifth year of professional football, and I asked him if nerves still affected him.

"Sure," he said. "In the feet and hands—heavy feet, heavy hands, so's I can barely move around."

"Heavy feet?" I said. "Think of that." I took a breath, a deep one, to relieve the tension, and went back to dressing, putting on the paraphernalia of the uniform slowly, item by item, overfastidious to get them set right. Williams' locker

continued

was in the next aisle, and when I was ready I went around and he pulled the blue jersey down over my shoulder pads, something difficult to do alone, and he cuffed the pads into place.

"That's a good number you're wearing," Williams said. "Johnny Olszewski's—Johnny O's."

Olszewski had been a Detroit back on the 1961 team.

"It indicates my talent," I said. Friday Macklem had either Hopalong Cassidy's old number available, which was 40, or Johnny O's zero, and he thought the zero had more—well, distinction.

I went back to my locker. My football shoes were up on top, next to the big silver helmet with the blue Lion decal, and when I took the shoes down they seemed astonishingly heavy to the hand. "Hey!" I said.

I spotted Friday coming by again.

"Hey, Friday, what's happened to my shoes?"

He came over. He looked very busy. "What's trouble?" he asked briskly. "Boy, you'd better hop to it. You're going to miss the bus."

"Well," I said, "these shoes seem, well, sort of heavy, that's what they seem."

"Your shoes seem heavy?" said Fri-

day, quite loudly, so that I moved toward him and I said softly, "Well, look here. Friday, heft them for yourself."

He did so, and he looked surprised. "There's nothing wrong."

"Somebody's put something in them," I said stubbornly.

Friday called out loudly: "Hey, the rookie thinks somebody's weighted his shoes. What'd anyone want to do that for?" I looked carefully at the corners of his mouth for a turn that would suggest that a joke was being played. There was no such indication. Sam Williams came around the lockers with Joe Schmidt, the All-League linebacker.

"Feet seem heavy?" Williams asked.

"Hell no, Sam," I said. "It's the shoes. Someone's stuck weights in them."

"Who'd want to do that?" asked Schmidt. He leaned over and hefted the shoes. "They seem all right to me."

A number of players were standing around by then, dressed for the bus ride, holding their helmets by the chin straps.

"Try them on," Schmidt suggested. I slipped the shoes on, laced them up, and clomped around the locker room floor in front of my bench.

"What do you think?" Friday asked.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I mean,

I can walk and all, but they still seem all-fired heavy."

"That's not surprising," said Sam Williams. "Look, you got a bag night coming up, quarterbacking your first game, and you got a real case of heavy feet, that's all. Perfectly natural. Nothing to be blamed for."

He had a grin on his face, but I began to wonder if it wasn't one of sympathy. Around the circle of faces there was not a glimmer—even on that of Night Train Lane, whose manner was so easy he was always laughing—to suggest that they weren't all being perfectly serious.

"Aw, come on now," I said. "I haven't got heavy feet, for godsake! Come on now," I said again, watching them, particularly Night Train's eyes, waiting for the laughter to dissolve them and give them away. They all remained solemn. At the edge of the circle players just arriving, who couldn't see past the big phalanx of shoulder pads, wanted to know what was going on.

"Someone fainted?" I heard a voice ask.

"It's his nerves," someone said. "He's got heavy feet."

Friday suddenly said: "I'll tell you something about those shoes. The cleats are worn thin. Hand 'em over and I'll get one of the boys to screw in a new set for you."

I sat down on the bench and took the shoes off, hefting them once more, and shaking my head. Friday disappeared with them.

Someone said, "D'ya ever see such a case of nerves?"

The players began drifting away—those who were dressed heading for the buses out in the parking lot, their cleats crashing against the locker room floor. Someone came by as I wanted and said I was wanted—and quick—for the quarterback meeting.

Earl Morrall and Milt Plum, the two quarterbacks, were waiting with Scooter McLean [who was to die of cancer seven months later], the backfield coach. They were in the training room, where one of the whirlpool baths had a message on a paper towel stuck up over the faucets which read, "Reserved for Plimpton."

"Look at that," I said involuntarily.



Botched hand-off has Plimpton attempting to get ball to Pietromonte, who is already past him.



Three weeks of workouts with Lions helped author's physique, if not his coordination.

The notice was signed with a device—a dagger dripping blood—which indicated it was from Carl Brettschneider, called The Badger by his teammates, who was one of the first-string linebackers I would face in the defense that night. He had written a number of messages which I had been receiving at staggered hours that day, finding them stuck in the mirror of my dormitory room: "George—you are going to get your butt knocked off. The Badger and his friends." "Two hours to go." This one was signed "The Badger and his gang," not "friends" this time, but "gang."

Scooter McLean was sitting up on a

rubbing table and in front of him on wood-slatted chairs sat the two quarterbacks, tilting back as the Scooter ran down the play list, deciding with them what plays would be used that night.

"O.K.," McLean said to me. "You're going to run the first five plays of the night."

"The first five plays?" I said. "You sure?" I swallowed hard. "The first five plays?" Tang seemed to be going too quickly, and the temptation was to try to slow things down.

McLean looked at his play list.

"Start off with the 3 left 26 near 0 pinch," he said.

That was a play I had tried—clumsily and with little effect—a few times in my three weeks of practice at the Cranbrook training camp. It is a running play in which the quarterback gives the ball to the No. 2 back coming across laterally from right to left, who then cuts sharply into the No. 6 hole between left tackle and end.

"God, Scooter," I said. "I'm not so hot on that play. I thought I'd start with 93, the pass play that I hit Pietrosante with, cutting across 10 yards downfield. It's my best play and it'll rile them, starting with a pass play—shake them up."

Scooter shook his head. "This is the first-line defense you're playing against. You're not going to rile them up with any 93 pass play. Stick on the ground. Sure you can do that 26 near 0 pinch."

He hopped off the running table and demonstrated—the spin, the two steps back, and the hand-off to the 2 back cutting across. "Simple," he said.

"O.K.," I said weakly. "If I can get the ball to him."

Scooter went back to his clipboard. "Then the 26 roll," he said.

"Look," I said. "I'm not so hot on the 26 roll. Why can't I try the 93 next? My two best plays are the 48 flip [this was a long lateral from the quarterback out to the No. 4 back running parallel to the line and then cutting for the 8 hole, at left end] and the 93 pass. I think about those plays, and I have a certain amount of confidence about them. Scooter, I have a terrible time with those hand-off plays like the 26 roll."

"O.K.," said Scooter. "Run the 93

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next. That's two plays. Then how about the 42?"

"O.K., that's the third play," I said. The 42 was supposed to be simple, the quarterback making a full spin as soon as the ball slapped into his palm and then shoving the ball into the stomach of the 4 back, who churned straight past into the 2 hole just left of the center. It was one of the basic plays of football, but still it was a play that filled me with gloom. The times I had tried it in practice the fullback, with that jackrabbit speed at which a professional backfield moves, would be past me and into the line before I could complete my spin and hand the ball to him. The procedure then—having missed him and held the ball out to his rump going by—was to haul the ball back in and follow him into the line, which I would do, grimacing, eyes squinted almost shut, waiting for the impact, which was invariably very quick.

"Then what?" asked Scooter.

"Then the 48 flip, and then for the last play I'd like to try the slant pass into The Budger's territory at left line-backer. That'd give me great pleasure to complete that one. He's been giving me such a time with the messages"—I motioned toward the whirlpool bath—"and I've been working on it after practice with the ends, especially Jim Gibbons."

Scooter agreed to the list, and he marked the plays down on his clipboard.

Joe Schmidt came in to have something done to the tape on his ankle. He saw us grouped around Scooter, and he called out, grinning, "Hey, Scooter, be sure to give him the fake 11."

For a week Schmidt had been tempting me to try the fake 11 in the game in Pontiac. It is a play in which the quarterback takes the ball from his center, drops back a few yards, pumping his arm to fake the linebackers into moving back or laterally to protect against a pass, and then suddenly takes the ball into the line himself—a quarterback draw play it is, and it means the quarterback accepts the horror that comes when the linebackers recover from the fake and pick him up. There weren't many quarterbacks around who called this play.

Schmidt did a little pantomime there in the training room of a nervous quarterback working the fake 11—poised behind his center, then dancing back in his stockinged feet, pumping his arm hard, then running fast in place, head down, emulating the dash for the line, then looking up and screaming as the imaginary linebackers converged, following it all with a concussive sound he made by exploding his palms together



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An ominous note suggesting author's fate is left by the Lion defense on a whirlpool bath.

and the expiring, anguished cry of a broken quarterback.

"Oh, yes," he called out. "You got to get him to try that one."

It was a funny imitation, and we stood laughing at it, except for the Scooter, who said testily: "They're going to make you yo-yos on defense look silly tonight, mind you!" He took no such kidding from the defense people, simply as a

matter of principle: having spent his years, from the first, running against defenses, and afterwards, as a coach, attacking them with personnel he trained endlessly, trying to imbue them with his skills and perhaps his antipathy, which was such that when a member of the defense, even from his own team, twitted him, it raised his temper.

Everybody knew this—and admired it — though it did not keep Schmidt and the others from joshing him, knowing just how far they could go. Scooter turned his back and inspected his clipboard, his quarterbacks grouped around him.

He had no further use for me, so I hurried off to the equipment manager's room to retrieve my football shoes. Friday's assistant was still screwing cleats into them. "Hey, Friday!" I said. "Those cleats look awful long. Those aren't mud cleats you're sticking in there?"

Friday came over. "What'd I want to stick mud cleats in there for?" he said. "The day's fine outside. Going to be a lovely night. What do you want mud cleats for?"

"I don't want mud cleats, dammit. Friday, but those things being put up there are long enough to bring up, well, oil, and as for the shoes themselves, Friday, they got to have weights in them."

Friday began hefting them again, but then suddenly he grinned and broke— with a thin wheeze that left him struggling for breath. "O.K., O.K.," he said. "Look at this." He tugged at the inside sole of the shoe, straining against the glue that had hardened fast, and he skinned out a thin metal strip. It weighed at least a pound.

"What do you think of that?" he asked. "They were put in this morning."

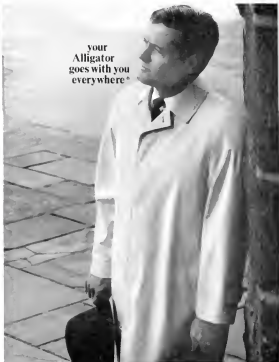
"Look at those things," I said.

Friday explained that players who wanted to strengthen their leg muscles often wore the metal plates in their shoes in the early part of training. You could tell when they came in from running with them—"sort of like gimpys hens," he said.

"Great," I said. "You mean to say they would have let me play the game tonight wearing those things?"

"Probably not," said Friday. "They'd all like to see you do well, but it's hard

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ZERO *continued*

for them not to kid around. They'd have had a good laugh afterwards, and if you didn't do so well you would have had a good excuse. Now you haven't got an excuse."

I laced on the shoes and hurried out to the parking lot, where the bus was waiting. The first bus, with the rookies in it, had gone. Ours was a strange husband—all of us in uniform, the offense in blue jerseys, as I was, and the defensive players in white with blue numbers, the big shoulder pads filling the seats out into the aisle when the players sat two abreast and swaying almost across to the seat opposite when the bus rocked around a corner.

It was relatively quiet, conversation low, the players staring out the windows, their minds on what they would be doing in an hour or so. Occasionally someone would call out, "Get it up! Get it up, offense!" and a few players would stamp on the bus floor with their cleated shoes, the tension beginning to rise.

I sat alone, trying to clear my mind and get my plays straight, visualizing what I had to do with each—the 26 near 0 pinch, the 42 (which made me wince, thinking about it), the 93 pass play, the 9 slant-out to embarrass The Badger, and the 48 flip play. Then Jim Gibbons came down the aisle and sat with me for a while. We went over the plays together, keeping our voices down so the defensive players would not overhear. In front of us Paul Ward, a big, 250-pound defensive lineman, knew what we were whispering about, and he turned and leered over the back of his seat. He was a big, blond, friendly ex-marine who had a degree in physical education, and he was writing a post-graduate thesis on isometric exercises, which he practiced, straining against immovable objects. At the training camp I would come around a corner and find him in a doorway pressing out against the sides with his palms, his face flushed with effort. He was always trying to get me to do the exercises, which I did to humor him, grunting in doorways, and he would say, "Great, great! But you must do it every chance you get. Look for places to stand up and practice it."

continued

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"Hey!" he said over his seat. "Which of the two plays you know are you going to run against us?"

Gibbons said: "Two? This guy knows the whole book—secret sessions after practice—plays you haven't even heard of, and you'll be seeing them from flat on your kisser, you better believe it."

The joshing did not last long. We were in the outskirts of Pontiac—the traffic heavy, much of it moving toward the stadium. It was dusk outside, and the blue antiglare tint in the windows darkened the bus. The driver kept the lights off. The bus turned, and we maneuvered slowly through streams of pedestrians, ticket-holders who would look up, annoyed at the bus in their midst, expecting to see a fan club from Ypsilanti, perhaps, with colored plastic hats, and seeing instead the Lions themselves, the big shoulder pads flush up against the windows, gaping then and pointing.

The players were on edge now. A few tight comments were leveled at the bus driver, who had made a wrong turn and gotten us blocked in the crowd a few hundred yards from the stadium. He lifted his hands off the steering wheel finally with a hopeless shrug of his shoulders and opened the door. We clambered down and trotted the short distance to the stadium, the crowd hearing the sounds of the spikes on the macadam coming up on them, turning and dividing to let us by—always with the acquisitive stares, the mouths half open as if something was to be said, some verbal accord to be reached, though we ran between walls of silence marked only by an occasional call to someone recognized. Whoever was in the lead, Joe Schmidt, I think it was, ran us up under the overhang of the stadium, then down a sloped incline of a corridor and finally out to the field.

It was a lovely evening—a cool summer breeze coming across the wire fence at the open end of the field out of the remnants of a sunset splayed above a horizon of flat farmlands. Those fields close to the stadium were crowded with cars, and more were arriving. The stands, which rose up 20 or 30 rows, ran along the sidelines, and quartered behind them

continued



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ZERO *continues*

four steel towers stood into the hazeless sky, their arc lights on and collecting clouds of insects. A band shell for concert stood at the closed end of the field, beyond it a junkyard with auto hulks crushed flat and piled up like shingles around a gigantic hydraulic press.

I joined the circle of calisthenics being led by Terry Burr, the captain of the Lions' offensive unit—the jumping jacks, the stretching exercises, the push-ups—all of us bellowing out the cadences and grateful to be active. The teams then split up and went to their respective ends of the field, the offensive unit at the junkyard end, those mournful stacks filling my vision every time I turned. I stood in with Earl Morrall and Milt Plum, standing beside Morrall to catch Plum's passes and shovel the ball underhand to Morrall. To protect his fingers from being jammed, a quarterback rarely catches a football for himself. He has a teammate with him to catch the incoming tosses. Occasionally I threw the ball to my opposite number standing beside Plum, trying to emulate that sharp perfect spin both of the quarterbacks put on the ball. I was rarely able to do it properly. My passes had a built-in wobble, not serious, but sufficient for some of the Lions to make quacking sounds when I threw a football, thus drawing attention to its ducklike flight.

A series of contests began, part of the pregame show—punting competitions, passing for accuracy, sprint races, place-kicking—and while these were going on I practiced my plays under the shadow of the band shell, Bob Whitlow centering the ball and Terry Burr on hand to advise. I practiced the spins and the hand-offs, trying particularly the maneuvers of the 26 near 0 pinch, that being the first play I would call in the huddle.

George Wilson, the head coach, came by and watched for a while. He seemed very serious, not a glimmer of warmth on his deeply tanned face.

I called some signals and Whitlow centered the ball. I fumbled it. "My starting quarterback," Wilson said as I scrambled around, trying to retrieve the ball.

Receiving the pass from center as a T formation quarterback is not the simple and effortless business it appears, and

it was certainly an unfamiliar experience for me until I reached the Lions. I knew so little when Coach Wilson called me and sent me in to run my first play at the Cranbrook training camp that after a few tentative steps toward Jim Martin, the center that day, who was patiently bent waiting over the ball, I suddenly flinched out. "Coach, I don't know where to put my—I just don't know."

The coaches all crowded around to advise, and together we moved up on Martin, who was now peering nervously over his shoulder like a cow about to be milked.

It was demonstrated to me, the right hand, the top of it, rests up against the

*This two-part series is excerpted from the book *Paper Lion* by George Plimpton, to be published in 1985 by Harper & Row.*

center's backside, in under it as he bends over the ball—medically, the perineum, the pelvic floor, just down from the base of the spine—with the hand lifted and applying enough pressure for the center to know where it is, exactly, so he can swing the ball there with power. The quarterback's left hand is hinged with the right, the heels and thumbs together, the angle between the two kept sufficiently wide for the ball to slap flush against the right hand and the laces turned so they automatically land right under the fingertips. The ball is now set for throwing, as the left closes behind it for control. A few quarterbacks reverse the position of the hands, keeping the left hand on top. Otto Graham of the Browns was a notable example, and he always assumed the habit was a carry-over from his early baseball-playing days, catching the ball with the left hand and trapping it with the right.

At the signal the center swings the ball back and up, generating as much power as he can. His rump bucks with the effort, and the ball slams into the quarterback's palm with a pop that can be heard across a practice field. At Notre Dame, I was told, the image that the coaches fixed in the centers' minds was that of making the quarterback's hand bleed. "Make that boy bleed!" the coaches shouted at them. I tried receiving the snap a few

times from Martin, everyone standing around and taking it easy. My left hand got in the way the first time, so my fingers got jammed when Martin brought the ball up, and I yelped and skittered away, running in small aimless circles until the pain began to let loose. I kept the angle between my hands wide after that, and I got used to receiving the snap after a while, practicing as much as I could with anyone who would center me the ball.

It never came easily to me, though, and Wilson snorted when I dropped Whitlow's snap. He looked gloomily up at the arc lights.

"Don't forget to put on your helmet," he said. "This is for real and there's not going to be any fooling around."

I said: "How much time is there before ...?"

"Ten minutes," he said. "There'll be an award ceremony after the contest and then the game will start."

I looked for my helmet, relieved to see it lying in the grass a few yards away. My impulse was to put it on. From the beginning I'd had trouble getting into the helmet. The procedure was to stick the thumbs in the helmet's ear holes and stretch the helmet out as it came down over the head—a matter of lateral pull, and easy enough if you practiced isometrics, but I never had the strength to get my ears quite clear, so they were bent double inside the helmet once it was on. I would work a finger up inside to get the ears upright again, a painful procedure, and now, the sounds sharp in the confines of the hard shell of the helmet as I twisted and murmured until it was done, the ears ringing softly. Then quest would settle in the helmet, and I would look out beyond the bars of the nose guard—the "cage," the players call it—to see what was going on outside, my eyes still watering slightly. It was even more difficult to get the helmet off. The first helmet I riday Macklem had given me was too small—a helmet is supposed to fit snugly to afford the best protection—and when I tried it on in front of my locker I yelled as it came down over my ears. Wayne Walker, the big linebacker, happened to be chatting with me at the time.

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ZERO continued

"How'd she feel?"
"Feels fine. Snug," I said. "Once you get the thing on."

I tried to take it off. I got my thumbs in the ear holes and tried to budge the helmet loose.

"I'm stuck in here," I said, simply.

Walker began to grin. He looked down the locker room aisle for other players who would have enjoyed the dilemma. Mercifully, none were on hand.

"Damn!" I said. "I can't budge this thing."

"You'll get used to it," said Walker.

"Jeez!" I was straining to get it off.

"You're truly married to pro football," said Walker. "After a while you'll never know you got it on."

The helmet came away finally, leaving my ears inflamed and raw, the side of my head furrowed. "Enough to make one quit the game," I said.

I soon got in the habit of putting the helmet on when there was even the slightest chance of entering a scrimmage, rather than face the awkward possibility of being called suddenly by Coach Wilson and either not having a helmet at all (players were supposed to keep their helmets at hand, but it was easy enough to leave them lying in the grass while you tossed a ball back and forth) or having difficulty getting into it: the strain, and getting the ears straight, all that procedure, while running out to lake over the offensive huddle.

So when Wilson said there were 10 minutes to go, I stared at him wildly, retrieving my helmet from the grass and fidgeting with it.

I turned away, got my thumbs into the helmet ear holes and, ducking my head, I wrenched the helmet on. When I'd got my ears straight I clicked the chin strap fast to a little punch-on snap—which sounds sharply in the helmet, *pop!* and I wandered over to the bench and sat down.

One of the troubles with wearing the helmet was that it closed off the outside world, the noise of the crowd, the cheering as the contests were on—all of this just a murmur—leaving my mind to work away busily inside the amphitheater of the helmet. Voices, my own, spoke quite clearly, my legs moving in the se-

curity of the helmet, offering consolation, encouragement and paternal advice of a particularly galling sort: "The thing to be is calm, son, and remember not to snatch back from the hall until you get it set in your palm."

"I'll hang on to the ball," I murmured back.

"But"—the portentous voice came again like the Ghost's in *Hamlet*: "you must not dally, son. On the hand-offs you must get the ball to the halfbacks with dispatch."

These pronouncements were accompanied by short, visual vignettes, subliminal, but which seemed to flash inside the helmet with the clarity of a television screen in a dark room—tumultuous scenes of big tackles and guards in what seemed a landslide, a cliff of them toppling toward me like a slow-moving object in a dream, as I lay in some sort of a depression gaping up in resigned dismay. Raymond Berry, the knowledgeable Baltimore end, once told me that I would survive a scrimmage if I played his position (out on the flank) and was sure to stay out of what he referred to as the "pu"—a designation that often came



As the season heats, during the hot ride to the stadium, Plimpton gets more strong.

to mind just before my participation in scrimmages. It was an area, as he described it, along the line of scrimmage, perhaps 10 yards deep, where at the centering of the ball the Neanderthal struggle began between the opposing linemen. The struggle raged within a relatively restricted area that was possible to avoid. Berry himself, when he told me this, had wandered into the pit only three times in his career—coming back to catch poorly thrown buttonhook passes falling short—and he spoke of each instance as one might speak of a serious automobile accident. The particulars were embalmed in his memory in absolute clarity: that year, in that city, at such-and-such a game, during such-and-such a quarter, when so-and-so, the quarter-back, threw the ball short, his arm jogged by a red-dogging linebacker, so that Berry had to run out of his pattern back toward the scrimmage line so many yards to catch it, and it was so-and-so, the 290-pounder, who reached an arm out of the ruck of the pit and dragged him down into it.

"One thing to remember when you do get hit," Berry told me in his soft Texas

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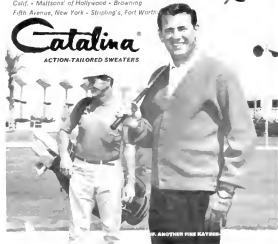
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ZERO

accent. "It is to try to get in the 'loose' position. Curl up around the ball, and keep your limbs from being extended because there'll be other people coming up out of the pit to see you don't move any, and one of them landing on an arm that's outstretched, y'know, can snap it."

"Right," I said.

"But the big thing is just stay out of that area."

"Sure," I said.

But when I arrived to train with the Lions at Cranbrook I disregarded his advice. What I had to try to play was quarterback, because the essence of the game was involved with that position. The coaches agreed, if reluctantly, and after the front office had made me sign some papers absolving them of any responsibility, I became the "last-string" quarterback, and thus stood in Berry's pit each time I walked up behind the center to call signals. He was right, of course. One of the first plays I called at Cranbrook landed me in the pit. It was a simple hand-off play. Opposite me across the line the linebackers were all close up, shouting "Jumbo! Jumbo! Jumbo!" which is one of the line code cries to red-dog to rush the quarterback. When the snapback came I fumbled the ball, gaping at it, mirth ago, as it rocketed back and forth gaily at my feet, and I flung myself on it, my subconscious shrieking, "I oetus! I oetus!" as I tried to draw myself in like a frightened pill bug, and I heard the sharp strange whack of gear, the grunts, and then a sudden weight whooshed the air out of me.

It was Dave I lived, a 250-pound linebacker, who got through the line and got to me. A whistle blew and I clambered up, seeing him grin inside his helmet, to discover that the quick sense of surprise that I had survived was replaced by a pulsation of fury that I had not done better. I swore lustily at my clumsiness, hopping mad, near to throwing the ball into the ground, and eager to form a huddle to call another play and try again. The players were all standing up, some with their helmets off, many with big grins and I heard someone calling, "Hey, man, hey, man!" and someone else, "John Gordy, I think, because he said it all the time," called out,

continued

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ZERO *continued*

"Beautiful, real beautiful." I sensed then that an initiation had been performed, a flooding ceremony. Wayne Walker said, "Welcome to pro hall." Something in the tone of it made it not only a reference to the quick horror of what had happened when I fumbled but an appreciation that I had gone through something that made me, if tenuously, one of them, and they stood for a while on the field watching me savor it.

But the trouble was that the confidence that came with being flooded did not last long. After 10 minutes, kneeling on the sidelines quaking with eagerness to be called again, one would feel it begin to seep away, and the afternoon would be gone, and when the night came, in the cubicle-sized rooms of the boys'-school dormitory where we slept, what was left would edge completely away, skirting the discomfiture and insecurity that waited, as palpable as cat burglars, to move in.

It made sleep at night difficult to come by—a problem not so much for me as for the rookies, who had their careers at stake. Frank Imperiale, in the daylight hours trying for an offensive guard position, told me that it was often 4 o'clock before he could get to sleep. He would lie and listen to the hands of the big clocks in the corridors click forward every minute, which I had noticed too, audibly, like post-office boxes clicking shut, and he would count from one click to the next, trying to match them to the count of 60. He got expert at it, mumbling his numbers in the darkness. There were variations he could switch to. His room was next to a latrine, which had a row of urinals that flushed automatically every 53 or 83 seconds, I forget which, and Imperiale would count the seconds off to whichever number it was, and when he got there a low moan of machinery would rise from next door and culminate in a harsh flush of water. Mainly Imperiale kept at his numbers to keep his mind off football and his chances of making the team (he did not) and to bore himself to sleep. But every once in a while his mind's eye would fill with a vision, always the same: an enormous phantom lineman opposite him on the line of

continued

Woollet in

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scrimmage, down in his crouch, the hard eyes staring out from his helmet, and when Imperiale launched himself at the figure he did so with such an effort to establish contact, muscles straining, that in his bed he suddenly felt pounds lighter, not far from levitating himself completely, sailing up off the bed stiff as an ironing board, and then with a gasp he would collapse back, the sweat beginning to flow. He would blink his eyes open and shut to remove the image.

Imperiale had the fortune, nonetheless, of having a single illusory opponent to take care of. Mine, either in the closeness of my dormitory room or in my mind's eye as I sat gloomily on the bench at Pontiac, gaping vacantly out at the field where the contests were concluding, came in great numbers, cliffs of defensive linemen, toppling toward me, calling out, "Jumbo! Jumbo! Jumbo!" nearly loud enough to drown out, but not quite, the schoolmaster's pawky voice whispering close at hand, "Son, do this, son, do that," manifestations of insecurity so discomfiting that to cease being a captive audience to them I ripped off my helmet, despite the fact that game time was only minutes away, and let the outside noise of the crowd wash over me.

I could hear a band playing somewhere in the stands. The wind coming up off the parking lot held was cool. The public address system was announcing the contest winners. A pretty girl wearing a white evening dress and long white gloves was standing at midfield. The Queen of Something-or-other, she was handing out the awards, one of them to Pat Studstill for the most accurate punt of the evening it had gone 60 yards on the fly, a yard or so out from the corner flag to upset Yale Larry. As he stepped forward I pounded my cleats against the ground and brayed out his name happily, concentrating on what was going on to keep my mind occupied, "Monk, oh you Monk!" The Lions called him Monk for his black, close-cropped hair that stood up stiff and brush-heavy above a small, pinched face that might have belonged to a Sicilian

ascetic. He usually kept it in repose, poker-faced, tight-lipped, but now it wore a leer, was alive with it, as he escorted the girl in the evening dress from the field to conclude the ceremonies, all of us along the bench hooting and braying at him.

George Wilson then called: "All right, teams A and B out there!" motioning to me, hard-faced. I got into my helmet.

The officials, in their vertical black-and-white jerseys, were waiting on the 20-yard line. The kickoff was to be dispensed with, and the scrimmage would start from there.

I came up off the bench slowly, working my fingers up into my helmet to get at my ears. As I crossed the sidelines I was conscious not only of moving out into the massive attention of the crowd, but also of seeing ahead through the opening of my helmet the two teams waiting. Some of the defense was already kneeling at the line of scrimmage, heads turned so that helmeted, silver, with the cages protruding, they were made to seem animal and impersonal—wildlife of some large species disturbed at a water hole and watching me come toward them. Close to, suddenly, there was nothing familiar about them. With the arc lights high up on the standards, the interiors of their helmets were shadowed. There was, perhaps, the shine of a cheekbone, the glint of an eye, but no one was recognizable. I trotted by the ball. Its trade name "The Duke" was face up. The referee was waiting, astride it, a whistle at the end of a black cord dangling from his neck. The offensive team, in its blue jerseys, about 10 yards back on its own 10-yard line, moved and collected in the huddle formation as I came up, and I slowed, and walked towards them, trying to be calm about it, almost luring up to them to see what could be done. By that time I had no other choice.

NEXT WEEK: "16-66-55 HURT"

Feeling like a paper Lion as he steps into the huddle, George Plampton calls his fateful five plays. He describes in exquisite detail—the results, and his retirement



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OCCIDENTAL LIFE
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Slight Change of Pace for Wilma

**Former Olympic Sprint Champion
Wilma Rudolph is now mother,
teacher and coach in Tennessee**
by ANITA VERSCHOTH

The road that branches off Highway 41A near the Holiday Inn at Clarksville, Tenn., ascends in a long, dull curve between mounds of red earth topped with grass, then cuts through a group of bedraggled wooden houses, some weathered, some brightly painted like beach houses, and ends in a small housing project of low red-brick buildings, neatly mowed lawns, playgrounds and streets. Here, on a plateau hidden from the high-

way and from Clarksville's white citizens, is a Negro community called Lincoln Homes.

In one of these houses lives Wilma Rudolph Eldridge, the famous citizen of Clarksville who won three gold medals at the Olympics in Rome and who still holds records that make her the fastest woman in the history of track and field. Four years ago the whole world saw Wilma on television as she waved a white straw hat to a roaring crowd. The citizens of Clarksville, white and Negro alike, cheered her from the sidewalks of decorated streets and honored her at banquets.

Until late this summer, her American and European admirers had hoped that Wilma was secretly training for the Tokyo Olympics. By now they know that she did not choose to run. Instead, she elected to continue in her role of housewife, mother and teacher, devoting her time to her husband, Robert Eldridge, their three children, her mother, Blanche, her brother, Westly, and her sister, Charlene. Her oldest daughter, pretty Yotanda, is more unpredictable than a

butterfly; her baby, Djuana, has to be carried a lot, because "she is already spoiled." Wilma is still getting acquainted with 12-year-old Charles, whom the Eldridges adopted recently because his mother had put him in an orphanage and "I felt so sorry for him."

Most of all it was Djuana, born last May 19, who persuaded Wilma not to run at Tokyo. "I didn't have any time to practice," Wilma says happily. "I wanted to spend the summer with my baby."

A 60-yard race in an indoor meet in Los Angeles in January 1963 was the last one in which Wilma was seen in competition. She lost to Marilyn White, an unknown 18-year-old, and to Julia Heine, who finished second, but it was not the disappointment about finishing third that made her retire. "I really didn't want to quit after that," she says. "But a few days later I had an appendectomy, and when I got out of the hospital I couldn't run for months."

Wilma was not required to run when she visited Tokyo in the spring of 1963. The international event that took her there was a church convention, and

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Wilma Rudolph

Wilma was a delegate, "I am an active member of the Mt. Olive Baptist Church in Clarksville," she says. "That's why I was sent to this convention. It lasted two weeks, and I was the only Negro in the U.S. delegation—some 100 people."

Not long after the trip, Wilma graduated from college and in the fall accepted



WILMA'S HUSBAND GETS HER SWINGING

a job as a teacher of second-grade children in a primary school in Clarksville and as a basketball and track coach in the high school. Although Wilma will not say what her yearly salary amounts to, it has put an end to her family's days of privation.

Before graduation Wilma had been able to earn only a little money supervising children in the playground at Lincoln Homes during her summer vacations. Her father had died of diabetes in April 1961, and her mother, Blanche Rudolph, was the breadwinner of the family as the maid of a restaurant owner.

Wilma's older daughter, Yolanda, lived with her grandparents during the years when Wilma was training and running. "She was born in 1958," says Wilma. "I had just gotten out of high school and was going to college in the fall. I felt pretty badly that I couldn't spend much time with her then." Wilma's husband, Robert Eldridge, is also Yolanda's

father. "We went to high school together," says Wilma, "but my father felt that I was too young to get married. I was very close to my father, and I never did anything he didn't want me to do." When Wilma married Robert, her father was no longer alive. That was on July 20, 1963, one month after Wilma had won a divorce from her first husband, ending a marriage that had lasted 17 months.

Robert Eldridge, like Wilma, is 23 years old, and he still attends Tennessee State University in Nashville, where he is a member of the basketball team. "I hardly see him during basketball season," says Wilma. "That's all he does, play basketball. He is very good at it, but I never tell him that. I like to tease him." During his summer vacation Robert lives with his family. "He is very good at helping me with the baby, and he always irons his own pants," Wilma says. "He disappears when people come to see me," she adds. "You know, he is a little shy."

Not many strangers drive up the hill any more to visit Wilma. If she is asked to show her gold medals she finds it difficult to remember where she put them last. On one of the two television sets, a present from a fan, rests the heavy James E. Sullivan trophy, awarded to her as the U.S. amateur athlete of the year in 1962. It displays a muscular bronze athlete with Wilma's car keys dangling from his raised right arm.

Wilma herself no longer looks quite like the slim girl who, in a painting that hangs in her bedroom, is shown taking a long stride across a green lawn against the background of a white Colosseum. Her legs are still slender and wary, but she has put on weight around her waist and hips. Her face has become larger and softer, more mature and motherly. Her smile is wiser and no longer quite as radiant as one remembers it.

One day recently Wilma entered Berkman's clothes store in downtown Clarksville with Djuana sleeping in her arms. She likes to go to Berkman's because her brother Westly works there as a stock-room clerk during his college vacation. "He was very lucky to get this job," Wilma says. "It isn't easy to find work in Clarksville." Westly took the baby so that Wilma could browse among the summer hats. "She is crazy about hats," he said. "And they make her look even more beautiful."

Another day Wilma and her sister, continued



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Wilma Rudolph

Charlene, drove in Wilma's white Pontiac convertible to a field where the girls of Lincoln Homes play softball. After she had caught a few balls in practice, Wilma told the coach: "I won't be playing this summer. I have to look after my new baby." Charlene watched from the dugout. "She used to play herself," said Wilma, "and she was a very good runner, too. But then we discovered that she had a heart condition and she couldn't run any more." (U.S. Olympic Track Coach Ed Tentile once predicted that Charlene would become a better sprinter than Wilma.) "I haven't done anything for two years," says Charlene, who is 19 years old and very pretty. "I guess I'm lazy. Maybe I'll go to college and become a teacher. Just like Wilma."

Every day Wilma's home is alive with people. There is Robert's sister, May, who lives nearby, and there is his "Granny," a little bent lady who comes every night to have Wilma brush her long white hair. There are many young friends who drop in for a card game and often stay for the dinner Wilma prepares.

Once a month Wilma participates in a club meeting held either at her house or in the house of another club member. "We don't plan any demonstration marches," she says. "We just sit together and discuss the education of our children. We are also trying to raise money." It was different in May of 1963, when Wilma took part in two demonstrations at Shoney's, which is considered one of Clarksville's finest restaurants although it does not have much more to offer than hamburgers. She was turned away, together with the other Negroes. "I cannot believe it!" she said to a reporter. "Remember the reception they gave me in 1960?" A few months later Clarksville was integrated. "I guess I could go to every place now," says Wilma, "but there are still certain places I won't go."

The children in Wilma's school are all Negroes. "I don't mind," she says, "because only Negro children live in that district. I can't expect any white children to come a long way to go to my school." Nor does she expect any white families to move up the hill into Lincoln Homes. "I like it here," she says calmly, and without any indication of bitterness. "I have seen mixed areas which are a lot worse. Besides, Robert doesn't want to stay in Clarksville forever. Some day he will move. And wherever he wants to go I'll go with him."

END



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TIME/LIFE

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE The St. Louis Cardinals' young left-hander, Ray Sadecki, once owned a restaurant in Florida, where he gave away cups of coffee to all comers every time he won—a treat which cost him about 400 coffees per victory. Sadecki sold the place before this season, luckily for him, because coffee prices are way up and so are his wins. Last week he won his 16th game, firmly establishing himself as the ace of the Cardinals staff. While Sadecki has stopped giving away both coffee and runs, his teammates have been dishing out plenty of his. With Bill White (.375) and Lou Brock (.346) leading the attack, the Cards won five of six games and moved up alongside the Reds and Giants, all of them chasing the Phils. The San Francisco Giants (4-3) held their own, but nobody could hold onto Willie Mays. After 13 seasons he is already starting to match the career batting records set by Stan Musial—home runs and runs scored—and to top it off he made one of those great Mays catches against the Dodgers which even Willie admitted was better than his famous 1954 World Series extravaganza. The Los Angeles Dodgers (3-3) had problems other than battling Willie Mays. They played but did not hit (.222 team BA and only 12 runs scored) and, with sore-armed Sandy Kousser probably out for the remainder of the season, there was no one around who could carry the load. With a .298 team average and two wins by Reliever Bill Hunter, the New York Mets (4-2) put together their second straight strong week. But alas, the Mets were so deep in 10th place when their 9-for-12 winning spurt began that it was hardly noticeable. Houston Colt (3-3) pitchers allowed only five runs in three victories, beginning with Don Larsen's five-hitter, but then slumped and gave up 13 runs in three end-of-the-week losses. The Cincinnati Reds (3-2) held on to second place

but lost an opportunity to pick up ground on the Phils when they dropped two games to the second-division Mets and Dodgers. Reds' pitching allowed only 12 earned runs, but no one was able to back it up as the plate except normally light hitters Leo Cardenas (.333) and Steve Boros (.313). Eight Philadelphia Phillies (3-3) combined to hit 15 home runs, led by Richie Allen (3.00), Wes Covington (.538) and Gus Triandos (.300), who hit three each. The Phils might have won more often if they had not run into Milwaukee (3-4) just when the Braves were breaking out of a brief slump. In three games with the league leaders, Milwaukee scored 20 runs on 34 hits and won twice. The Pittsburgh Pirates suffered through their second consecutive disastrous week, losing five of six and dropping to sixth place. The Chicago Cubs (2-5) figured to have a prosperous week playing only the Mets and Colts. But they did not, as the league's worst teams beat them five times in close games.

AMERICAN LEAGUE "We'd sure love to see these Orioles win the pennant, but Chance and I just can't ease up on 'em. Man, that wouldn't be right," said slugging outfielder Leon Wagner of the Cleveland Indians (6-0) after he and rookie Bob Chance hit back-to-back home runs to beat the Orioles. Fact was, the Indians were not easing up on anyone. With Budie Tebbetts now managing full time again, the Indians have been sizzling, and last week they ran their winning streak to eight. The Indians' hitters were not overpowering 131 runs in the eight games), but the pitchers allowed just 16 runs. A first-division finish might be easy if only they could keep playing league-leading Baltimore (3-4). The Orioles lost twice to Cleveland and fell behind in their season series 5-10. Those defeats, plus two more by the White Sox, temporarily dropped Balti-

more into second place, but clutch pitching by Steve Barber and Mel Pappas and six RBIs from Sam Bowens in the week's final two games helped them regain a 1½-game lead. The Chicago White Sox (4-5) won three games in the last inning on key hits by Ron Hansen, Don Buford and Floyd Robinson, but the team never scored more than three runs, and only Lefty Gary Peters (two wins) thrived on the meager support. With both the White Sox and Orioles losing, the New York Yankees were able to pick up a game on the leaders with a 4-2 week. Jim Bouton and a repaired Wherry Ford pitched two victories each, and Joe Pepitone led the Yanks' attack with four homers and 11 RBIs. Buster Narum shut out New York, and Fred Kreutzer won twice as the Washington Senators (4-2) opened up a comfortable four-game lead over the last-place Athletics and seemed set to escape the cellar this year. Kansas City (1-6) Owner Charlie Finley was more interested in Beatles than baseball. He signed the year-young boys for a performance and to publicize it dressed himself and his ground crew in Beatles wigs. Los Angeles Angel (4-4) Outfielder Jim Piersall went Finley one better and came up to bat with one of the wigs on, but it was Joe Adcock who was really swinging with a .348 BA and his 300th home run as the Angels moved back up to fifth. The Minnesota Twins hit only three homers and lost five of eight when infield errors allowed decisive unearned runs in four narrow defeats. With weak pitching, which permitted 43 runs by the opposition, the action Red Sox (1-6) fell six games into eighth place, and even Manager Johnny Pesky talked openly of being fired. The Detroit Tigers (6-2) received timely hitting from Don Demeter, Bill Freehan and Norm Cash and two wins apiece from Hank Aguirre and Terry Fox to move solidly into fourth.



DON DEMETER: HE HITS WHEN IT COUNTS

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Detroit Outfielder Don Demeter is a nice guy's nice guy. He never drinks or smokes and is a devoutly religious man. So when Don, who came to Detroit from Philadelphia for performance pitcher Jim Bunning, says, "I don't think the Phillies would be where they are today if I was still with the club," you know he is not pissing you on. While Demeter neglects to mention it that the Tigers would not be where they are now—in fourth place—if it were not for him, Demeter is not an exciting player. He fields well (holding the record for errorless games by a center fielder), but not in the electrifying style of a Willie Mays; he has well, but not well enough to win batting titles;

he has power, but hardly enough to be called a slugger. Still, Demeter has done enough of each to spark the Tigers out of the second division. Demeter has driven in only 69 runs, but 25 of them have provided the Tigers with important go-ahead runs and eight of his RBIs produced tying runs in games Detroit has gone on to win. Last week, as the Tigers took six of eight, Don's hitting accounted for the decisive runs in four of the wins, and three of those times he came through in clutch, late-inning situations. He hit a two-run home that broke a 6-0 tie, an eighth-inning two-run double to win a 5-4 squeaker and, on the following night, a sacrifice fly in the seventh to bring home an 8-7 win. With this type of clutch play, all Detroit agrees Demeter is a nice guy to have around.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ONPURCHASE

Sirs:

In the book *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, which turned out to be the play *Davey Jones*, it was the Senators, not the Yanks, who sold their soul to the Devil. The author's crystal ball must have been cloudy.

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ROBERT SCOTT

Louisville

MICHAEL KALLAY

Sirs:

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THOMAS MANGANO

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

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LARRY GOPEL

Ottumwa, Iowa

Sirs:

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DETROIT

Sirs:

You uphold the sayings of Mr. Roy Hofheinz, president of the Houston Colts.

Did you know that the same Mr. Hofheinz deprives the city of Houston of almost any TV baseball? He allows not in excess of 15 Colt TV showings per year.

Before you sink in with big money, you better talk to the baseball fans down there in Houston.

N. R. POND

Joplin, Mo.

Sirs:

The Big Sellout truly typifies the fate of our national pastime. It has long been my contention that baseball is eating itself alive.

How foolish it is for the game's hierarchy to blame golf, bowling, boating and even Little League ball for their stupidity and lack of foresight.

As I see it, there are two steps that can be taken to save baseball: 1) subject the game to antitrust laws and 2) elect a strong commissioner, not a rubber stamp.

Such steps would prevent baseball from pulling another fast one, such as the sale of the Yankees, and would afford club owners the opportunity to come up with a few ideas that might draw more fans.

The game could do with a few more Charles O. Finleys and a few less Ford C. Fricks.

GREASY HUDDLE

Sirs:

In Gerald Holland's fine piece about Greasy Neale (*Nothing to Prove, Nothing to Ark*, Aug. 24) he quotes Neale talking about a game he played in 1917: "We came up to Youngstown's 22-yard line on a third down with one to go. In the huddle, our quarterback, Milt Ghee, an All-American from Darlington, said, 'Greasy, what will we do?' It seems to me Greasy's answer might well have been, 'What are we doing out here in the first place?' As I recall, back in 1917 quarterbacks called the plays while in formation via prearranged number signals. The huddle wasn't adopted until at least 10 years later.

PETER SAMERDORF

New York City

● The huddle was first used in 1896 by Amos Alonzo Stagg. Although the invention of the huddle is credited to Bob Zuppke of Illinois in 1921 and it did not find general acceptance until the mid-'20s, teams were huddling indoors and outdoors long before that. When asked about it all, Neale explained, "We used the huddle in 1917 because that was the only way we could figure out what we were going to do since we never practiced before the game."—ED.

Sirs:

Having had the privilege of playing for Greasy Neale while at the University of Virginia and later being associated with him as team physician of the Philadelphia Eagles while he was in Philadelphia, I heartily agree that, as far as football is concerned there is "nothing to prove," in that he is one of the all-time greats. However, I disagree that there is "nothing to ask"—why isn't Greasy in the Football Hall of Fame?

HARRISON F. FLIPPIN, M.D.

Philadelphia

FANATIC FINS

Sirs:

I applaud your recognition of the U.S. International Sailing Association for its

herculean efforts in supporting and stimulating our Olympic and Pan American sailing programs. (*Stars That Shine with Tails to Gold*, Aug. 17.) I was alarmed, however, at your statement that the "strong" Star and 5.5-meter classes were being printed to turn up material to be lent to the "weak" Finn, Dutchman, and Dragon classes.

What makes our Star and 5.5-meter classes strong is not so much the wealth of American talent as the relative weakness of the competition abroad, where only a small minority can afford to compete in these classes. In England, for example, there is only one registered Star and only a weak handful of old 5.5s. What makes our high-performance classes like the Finn and the Flying Dutchman relatively weak is not a lack of our best talent. It is, rather, the almost fanatical intensity of the sailors in northern Europe who enter competitions in these two classes.

ANDREW T. KOSTANECKI

New Canaan, Conn.

HARRY

Sirs:

Hurray for Gilbert Rogin and *A Girl Named Sam* (Aug. 24).

JOHN KEVIN

New York City

Sirs:

Marty Siro seems to be a typical college coed in many respects, but in two fields she is unique: swimming and diving. Her record of 56 dates in a row ties the immortal Joe DiMaggio's streak of 56 games in a row with a hit. But what happened on the 57th night? Did she run out of "nerds and hunks" or did she finally have to study?

I'm not sure if I would qualify as a nerd or a hunk, but if Marty ever wants to try and break Joe's record let her know. I'm available.

JOE DOLAN

Peabody, Mass.

OR KEM A KANKIE

Sirs:

We of the Berkeley Springs Kite Club would like to take issue with Clifford Simpson's letter concerning the kite-maker in your August 17 edition (*UVH's Hero*).

Kite building and flying is fast becoming a great American sport, and we appreciate the space that you devoted to Tomi Ungerer and kites (Aug. 3).

Our club feels that anyone who disagrees with this can go fly a kite.

CHARLES L. STEWART

HARRY E. CAENANIAN

Berkeley Springs, W.Va.



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